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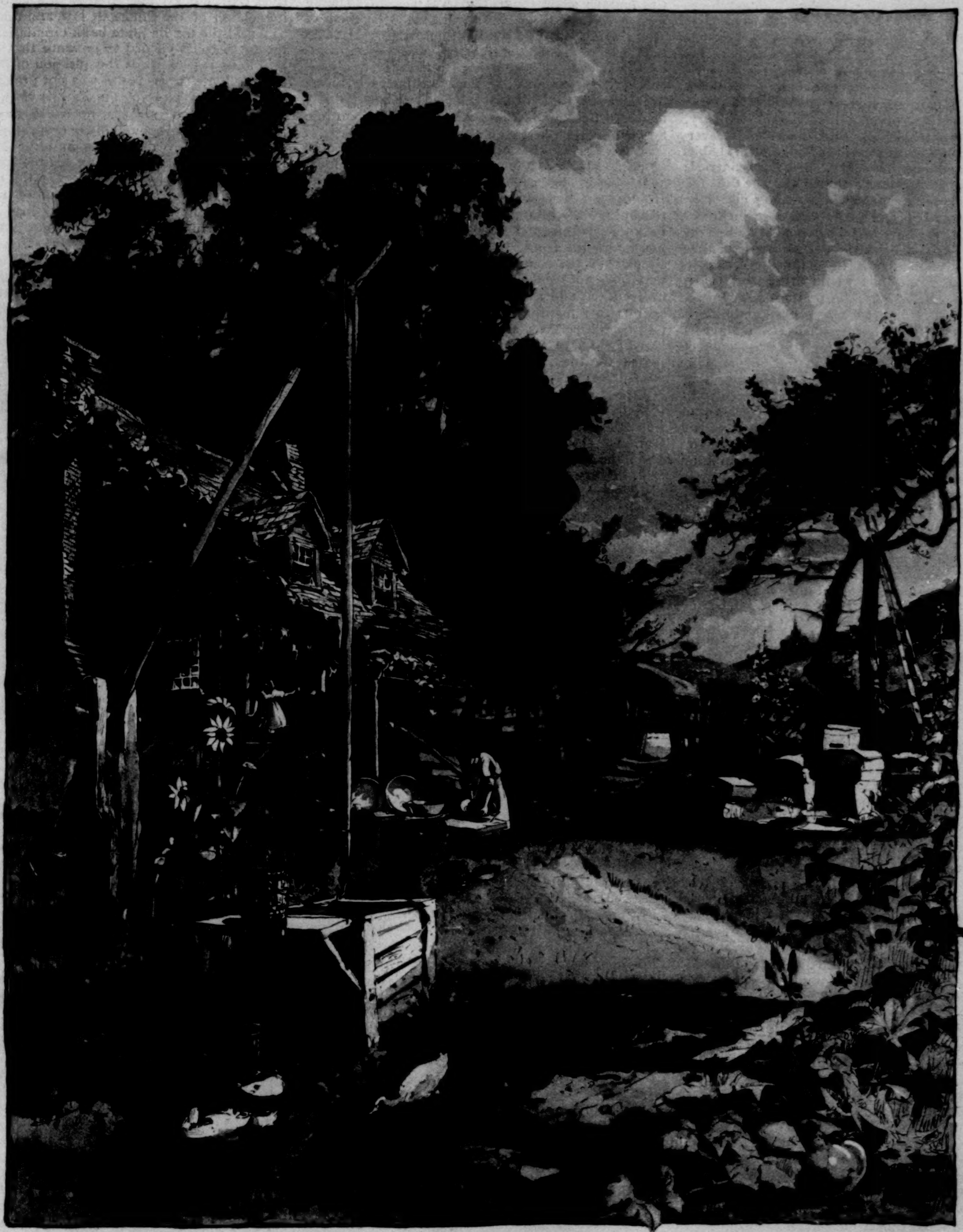

THE OLD HOMESTEAD WELL.

Drawn by Harry Fenn.—[See Poem on Page 1115.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(Twenty-four Pages.)

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DAVID B. HILL.

EVERY young American taking an interest in politics should study the story of the rise and fall of **David B. Hill**. The more ambitious the young man is, the more attentively should he study it. Our political history has not preached a more instructive sermon for many a day. No public man in America represents more distinctly than **Hill** the class of politicians working only for personal success; no man of that class was more confident of having discovered the true means by which to achieve that success, and few men seemed to be more justified in that confidence than he was for a considerable time. He appeared to be singularly suited, too, to the task of giving his theory of political success a thorough test. He is, no doubt, a man of more than ordinary ability, of an active mind prolific in expedients, of quick perception, of indefatigable industry, of a courage not easily daunted, and of a perseverance without limit. It must be added that his habits are simple and his wants few. He is unmarried; social intercourse has no charm for him; he does not enjoy the convivial cup or the soothing cigar; he looks with indifference at a horse or a dog; he knows nothing of the delights of hunting, or of fishing, or of yachting; neither literature nor art interests him; nor does he ever indulge in the luxury of conscientious scruples. With his whole mind and heart, soul and body, he is given to politics. He thinks and dreams of nothing else, and all his ambition is centred there. He was hardly started in public life, when that ambition reached for the Presidency of the United States. He thought he knew the straight road to the White House. And it would seem that a man so able, so energetic, so fixed and concentrated in his purpose, so little distracted by the pleasures of life and the allurements of the world, must have had an unusual chance to succeed if in any degree favored by fortune. And fortune did favor him in an extraordinary manner.

He had hardly attracted general notice as a politician of local influence, when in 1882 he obtained the Democratic nomination for the Lieutenant-Governorship, and was swept into that place by the tidal wave which made Mr. **Cleveland** Governor. Whatever power he possessed he used at once in attaching to himself a personal following among the Democrats throughout the State, and his opportunities were greatly increased when Mr. **Cleveland** became President and left him in the Governor's chair. By adroit management he succeeded in securing the nomination for the Governorship in 1885, and fortune favored him again. He escaped defeat in the election by the treacherous conduct of the **Blaine** Republicans, who purposely sacrificed the candidate of their own party. Now his work became more systematic. The most annoying stumbling-block in the way of his Presidential aspirations was another New York man, Mr. **Cleveland**. He had to demonstrate that he, **Hill**, was the stronger man with the Democrats of New York. He sneered at Mr. **Cleveland's** reform policy, contrasting with it his own more orthodox Democracy, and he rallied around himself those dissatisfied with Mr. **Cleveland's** "mugwump notions." An alliance with Tammany Hall was easily concluded on the basis of mutual sympathy and support. In the interior of the State it was soon understood that Democratic opponents of **Cleveland** could count upon **Hill's** favor, and that every Democrat opposing **Hill** did so at the peril of his political life. The local committees of the party were rapidly filled with **Hill's** creatures; and as the mercenary characters in politics usually make the handiest tools to a leader speculating upon their greed, persons of that description were more and more pushed into places of influence.

In 1888 **Hill** had grown so strong in the Democratic organization that his renomination for the Governorship was a matter of course, and then he achieved one of his most important triumphs. The renomination of **Cleveland** for the Presidency could not be prevented, but **Hill** managed things so adroitly that votes for President were traded off in sufficient number against votes for Governor to give him a plurality of many thousands, while **Cleveland** lost the State. **Hill** thus won what he considered the decisive point. He had demonstratively proved himself a stronger Democrat in the pivotal State of New York than his hated rival. The stumbling-block appeared to have been removed, and the road to the White House to be open. In the mean time **Hill** assiduously turned his abilities to the task of "catching votes." He allured the working-men by posing as the champion of all sorts of measures ostensibly favoring organized labor. He was a sound-money man with sound-money men, at the same time winking at free silver coinage. He was, when tariff reform had become the accepted issue, loudly for tariff reform, but always with a reservation in favor of protection. And when by a new favor of fortune the Democratic tidal wave of 1890 had put both branches of the New York Legislature under his control, and enabled him to dictate his election to the United States Senate, he visited the Southern States to entrap Southern favor by deceitful ambiguities on matters of special interest to his hearers. He believed that he, the man who in 1888 had carried New York when **Cleveland** lost it, held the Democratic nomination for the Presidency actually in his clutch, and that nothing more was required than to secure the Democratic delegation from his State to the national convention.

To accomplish this his party machine was in splendid working order. It was indeed the most perfect machine ever organized. At the nod of its master the famous snap convention was elected in midwinter, met, appointed a unanimous delegation of **Hill** men, and passed resolutions urging **Hill** as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. It was done with wonderful precision and rapidity, almost before the people of New York became fully aware of what was going on, and the machine boss proudly chuckled over the brilliant triumph of his cunning. So far his career had been an uninterrupted series of successes. But at the very moment when he thought he need only stretch out his hand to grasp the long-coveted prize, the ground gave way under his feet. He had omitted some essential factors from his reckoning—the honest men in his party, the moral forces in politics. These, to his utter amazement, pressed to the front. The anti-snapper movement swept over the State like a whirlwind. Its representatives appeared before the National Democratic Convention, and the unheard-of thing happened—against the unanimous protest of the **Hill** delegation from New York, another New York man, **Hill's** hated rival, was by an overwhelming majority nominated for the Presidency, and then triumphantly elected.

From this terrible blow **Hill**, with the courage of despair, gathered himself up. He did not abandon hope. First he resolved that at least the administration of his hated rival must be made a failure. From the confusion he might then still emerge as the winning man. As a Senator he conspired with other enemies of the administration to reject its nominations and to defeat its important measures, no matter how the public interest or the party might suffer. The repeal of the silver-purchase act he could not prevent, but he was among the foremost of those who plotted to mar and maim, and even to kill, if they could, the tariff bill. The result is known. The Democratic party at the ensuing elections had to confront a sullen public sentiment. Defeat was in the air. And then came one of the most striking instances of historic retribution on record. The very mercenaries who had helped him so often to his triumphs, his great, perfect machine, now demanded that he lead them as their candidate in the desperate fight to save them from disaster. He could not refuse. He was forced to become the servant of his henchmen, and as soon as the moral forces in politics had a chance to deal with him personally and directly, he was buried under a vote of condemnation such as has been visited upon no other Democratic leader within the memory of living men.

It is idle to say that he was, like many others, merely a victim of an adverse tidal wave, for he is recognized as one of the causes of that tidal wave. Indeed, in this State he was, together with Tammany, marked as the very head and front of the offending. Not only the vastly reduced Democratic vote in his favor, but the vastly increased vote for his opponent, clearly emphasizes the popular verdict. It is equally idle to say that a man of such elasticity may recover from this blow. **Cleveland** could recover from his defeat in 1888, for he honestly represented principles and measures of policy endowed with vital force. **Hill** represents only himself, his ambition, and his machine; and a mere machine leader, who has led his machine into the most disastrous defeat the party ever suffered, is politically dead. Mr. **Hill** may not yet be quite conscious of his demise, and still carry on a semblance of animation, but his future has utterly vanished, and his political activity will be a mere ghost-dance. In lonesome moments of reflection it may dawn upon him that had he devoted his ability to the public interest instead of his own, and had he addressed himself to the moral and patriotic impulses of the people instead of treating politics as a mere game of mercenary motives and artful tricks, he might be within reach of that goal which now has become hopelessly inaccessible to him. As it is, the only service he has rendered to the republic consists in presenting to ambitious young Americans in politics the instructive spectacle of the ablest machine leader of our time, the most thorough master of all the tricks of the trade, after a singularly prosperous career, utterly discomfited and ruined, his power all broken and his hopes all wrecked, as soon as his conception of politics and his unscrupulous smartness fairly encountered the moral judgment of the people. As a lesson to those who study the problem of success in politics such a spectacle is of incalculable value.

CURRENCY REFORM.

The call issued by the Secretary of the Treasury for proposals for $50,000,000 of five-per-cent. bonds is a judicious and proper step. It indicates that the President has determined to make an effort to secure that reform of the currency of the country which is its immediate need. It is reported, and the report bears the semblance of truth, that Mr. **Cleveland** insisted on the immediate issue of the call in order that the loan might be negotiated before the meeting of Congress. The present Congress has not shown either capacity or soundness in its treatment of this question. It is true that the House of Representatives dealt quickly and effectively with the purchasing clause of the **Sherman** law, and that it refused to repeal the tax on State bank circulation. But, in the first case, it yielded to pressure that did not appeal to its reason, while the question of repeal of the tax on State bank issues was not presented in the way calculated to bring out its full voting strength. In short, the country has no reason to expect that the present Congress will discover a rational way out of our monetary difficulties, and the President is right, if the report concerning his motive is true, in assuming that if he had postponed the call for the loan until Congress met, the situation would be so complicated by that body that the loan might fail. That the loan itself is advisable there is little doubt. It may be that the revenues for the rest of the year will enable the Treasury to meet its obligations, but even if that be so, the knowledge that the government is always on the verge of financial difficulties injures its credit and disturbs business, especially the business of dealing with the vehicle which carries all trade and commerce. A comfortable balance is as essential to the Treasury of the United States as to any private business house.

With the money obtained from the sale of bonds, and the resulting easy circumstances, the way will be cleared for the calm consideration of the monetary problems of the Treasury. It is too much to expect that this Congress will grant to the Secretary a power that he ought to possess—the power to borrow money for a short time and at current market-rates whenever he may need funds—but it is quite permissible to expect that the currency question may be settled. It is understood at Washington that the President will confine his message to this question. Certainly he can discuss nothing more important or more vital to the interests of the country. And, in fact, the need of reform is recognized by all parties and factions in Congress.

We have, besides our gold and silver coins and their immediate paper representatives, the certificates, greenbacks, Treasury notes, and national-bank notes. The greenback is the most dangerous and harmful element of our currency. Its principal use of late has been the procuring of gold from the Treasury. It has been a most potent source of weakness in our system of finance, and has been the helpful ally of those who found it to their profit to deplete the gold reserve. The Treasury note represents silver, but is really a gold-demand note. The national-bank circulation is inadequate and inelastic. The paper currency of the government works to its harm and discredit, while the currency of our banking system has shown itself to be unable to respond to the demands of business.

It is generally admitted that the country needs better currency and more banking facilities. It also needs, what other civilized nations possess, a currency that will respond to the requirements of those who use it—of those who are carrying on the business of the country—of the farmers when they have wheat to sell, of the factors and shippers when they have it to buy. The country needs a system by means of the automatic working of which the amount of currency in circulation will increase or diminish as trade desires. Such a system can be based only on credits—that is, the demand of merchants on the banks for discounts must determine the amount of currency that is necessary at the moment for the conduct of the business of the country.

A plan for accomplishing this end, and for transforming the inadequate national-banking system into one that will be satisfactory, is known as the Baltimore plan. Its origin has been so often discussed and its details so fully set forth in the daily newspapers that it is only necessary to explain its purpose and its main features. Apparently it has the approval of most of the bankers who have taken the trouble to study and understand it, while Comptroller **Eckels** strongly favors it. At the meeting of the New York State Bankers' Association held last week it was endorsed, and apparently the opposition to the plan or something like it is confined to those who are hostile to all banks.

The Baltimore plan proposes that under certain limitations the amount of circulation shall depend upon the requirements of business. It is suggested that the banks shall issue notes under the authority of the national government to the extent of fifty per cent., of their paid-up and unimpaired capital. This is to be taxed after the first year one-half of one per cent. for the purpose of creating a "guarantee fund." The tax is to be collected until the "guarantee fund" amounts to five per cent. of the outstanding circulation. In addition to the fifty per cent., the banks may issue "emergency circulation" to the amount of twenty-five per cent., and on this a heavy tax is to be laid. This is also to go into the "guarantee fund," as well as two per cent. on all the circulation of the first year. From the "guarantee fund" the notes of insolvent banks are to be redeemed. The existing provisions of law with reference to examinations and governmental supervision are to remain in operation.

This is a rational and practicable plan. Whether it is the best plan remains to be seen. It would provide a currency as safe as that now furnished by the national banks, and as elastic as the needs of business require. It may be that a better plan can be suggested. None so good has been made public. At all events it points out the lines on which Congress ought to work to reform our complicated and inadequate currency system.

DEMOCRATIC REORGANIZATION.

More than once, and perhaps Democratic politicians may be inclined to think in season and out of season, the **Weekly** has warned the party which was forced to nominate Mr. **Cleveland**, and then repudiated his principles and his ethics, that it would never again enjoy the confidence of the country unless it discarded the leaders who were the cause of its overwhelming overthrow. It was evidently too late for the party to reform its organization for the campaign that has just ended, and, indeed, the old leaders proved themselves too strong, especially in the State of New York, while the well-intentioned Democrats were not sufficiently organized to warrant a serious attempt. The result was that the people condemned the organization at the head of which stood **Gorman**, **Brice**, **Hill**, and the company of astute and clever intriguers who look upon office-holding as the end of politics, when they are not contemplating other and more substantial advantages, while they regard principles as weapons or implements of the game. To such politicians an assortment of such implements, some of them very unlike or even antagonistic to their fellows, is as essential as the outfit of the golfer is to the practitioner of that sport. The implement that is best for immediate use is determined by the nature of the ground on which the player is working. He takes a tariff-reform driver in one State, and a protection lofter in another; a free-silver brassy is best for him in Colorado, while at critical stages of the game, and when he is bent on putting some one in a hole, he selects a two-faced putter.

This playing politics as if it were golf, however, is evidently not popular in this country, and the voters of both parties have frequently shown that they do not approve of politicians who have such a facility in adopting conflicting political opinions, and whose personal character is bad. Here and there through the country, especially in Maryland, Ohio, New Jersey, and the Western and Southern States, there have been signs at Democratic party conventions of revolt against the men who were responsible for the Senate's delay in passing the silver bill, for the scandals that tainted the tariff bill, for the war on the President, the rejection of his appointments to the Supreme Bench, and for the raid of the spoilsmen that disgraced the first months of the new administration. It was clear before election day that there were many good citizens in the Democratic party who were bitterly hostile to these men, but in the campaign and in the voting **Gorman**, **Brice**, **Smith**, and **Hill** stood for the party, just as **Croker** stood for Tammany Hall in this city, the result being that the voters emphasized the warning that the Democratic party cannot succeed under its present leadership. It must be reorganized.

The President has not deemed it to be his duty to build up a party organization, or to destroy the machine that for the last two years of his administration has deprived him of much influence that might have greatly promoted the welfare of the country. But his character, his sincerity, his purposes, and his achievements are valuable possessions to the Democratic party, and his failure to take advantage of the opportunities of leadership does not release his party from its own obligations to the country.

In the general talk concerning reorganization ex-Secretary **Fairchild** has uttered the truest word, and has pointed out the course which reorganization must take if it is to be successful. He says, in effect, that the party must represent principles, and that its leaders and candidates must be men who profess and practise these principles. The movement in this State with which Mr. **Fairchild** was connected, and which nominated Mr. **Everett P. Wheeler** as candidate for Governor, is an example of what the Democratic party might be if its leaders were sincerely devoted to its principles, and were engaged in politics wholly for the purpose of making those principles vital in legislation and in the administration of the affairs of the government. The fact that Mr. **Wheeler** received more than 28,000 votes, although no campaign was made for him, and no organization for his ticket existed outside of New York and Kings counties, indicates the large number of people who are anxious for an honest Democratic party.

Unless the reorganizers realize the truth here stated, unless they permit the voters of the party to control it, unless men of the character of those who followed Mr. **Wheeler** consciously to defeat are put at the head of the party organization, the Democratic party cannot regain the position which it has lost. That position was won by leaders of character, by the object-lesson to the country of such leadership as that of **Kerr**, **Morrison**, **Carlisle**, **Bayard**, **Wilson**, and **Mills**, of **Tilden** in this city and State, and finally and most effectively by the nomination of Mr. **Cleveland**. Whatever men may say or think of any of these men, it must be admitted that their good deeds in public life, and their hostility to the bad and weak elements of their party, have maintained the party's majority in the House of Representatives, and have twice elected a Democratic President. The loss of that position is due to the dominance of influences and politicians opposed to them.

The conclusion is therefore obvious. The national party must drive out **Gorman** and his fellows. The Democrats in the State must depose **Hill**, **Murphy**, and **Sheehan**, and must put an end forever to the corrupt influence and power of Tammany Hall. Mr. **Hill** is said to be preparing a plan of reorganization. He is the last man in the State, just as **Gorman** would be the last man in the country, to intrust with the task of curing the Democratic party of its disease, for they are themselves symptoms of the disease. To make them healers would be as wise as to undertake the cure of varioloid by confining the patient in a small-pox hospital. What the party needs is to be rid of these very men, and what is to be aimed at in reorganizing is their deposition. It is demanded not only for the sake of the party, but for the good of the country, that the Democratic party should mean something, that it should present a definite policy to the country, with candidates who would carry it out, and that it should make it clearly understood that it is no longer to be the foolish vehicle by means of which such men as now hamper and control the Democratic side of the Senate make their way into high places only to pollute them. In a word, reorganization, to be effective, must be drastic. It must be a revolution. It will require a complete change to induce the voters of this country to put the Democratic party in power again.

REVOLUTIONARY STATESMANSHIP.

The report of the President's Commission to investigate the causes and the history of the trouble known as "the **Pullman** strike" of last summer has been for several days before the public. The comments which it has elicited have been of peculiar interest, as revealing the mental attitude upon social questions, and the habits of thought concerning them, of the men who aspire to lead or at least to forecast public opinion. The leaders of the war against law and order, who undertook to coerce the community into disregard of its own laws, now laud the report, and exult in its conclusions as the final vindication of their own motives and methods. The more thoughtful members of the press treat it with qualified and formal respect, accepting its detailed statements of evidence, but exposing its summaries of fact and generalized assertions as grossly inaccurate and partial, and wholly rejecting its proposed remedial measures as absurdly inadequate if not wholly useless. Other journals generally content themselves with an abstract of the Commission's views as the end of the controversy, and a substantial victory for what they call "organized labor."

But there is nothing in these comments which can satisfy the intelligent and patriotic citizen who reads the report and feels its astonishing spirit and character. Every such reader is startled by finding in a state paper a system of thought, a kind of reasoning, a quiet assumption of principles, such as no document of similar high official origin ever expressed before. If Messrs. **Carroll D. Wright**, **John D. Kernan**, and **Nicholas E. Worthington** represent in these principles and this reasoning the government which appointed them, and if that government represents in these things the people of the United States, then the civilized society in which we live, with its present laws and customs, with the rights they recognize, and the machinery of jurisprudence to define and enforce them, is an anachronism, for all these have lost their place in the convictions and affections of the people. The most momentous stage in every revolution is that which takes place silently in the popular mind, and of which all that follows in upturning institutions and reconstituting society is but the necessary sequence and expression. If the mass of our citizens think as these commissioners think, this first chief stage in a socialistic revolution is already far advanced, and the transformation of our nineteenth-century civilization into something widely different, and as yet wholly unimagined, is a process which cannot long be delayed.

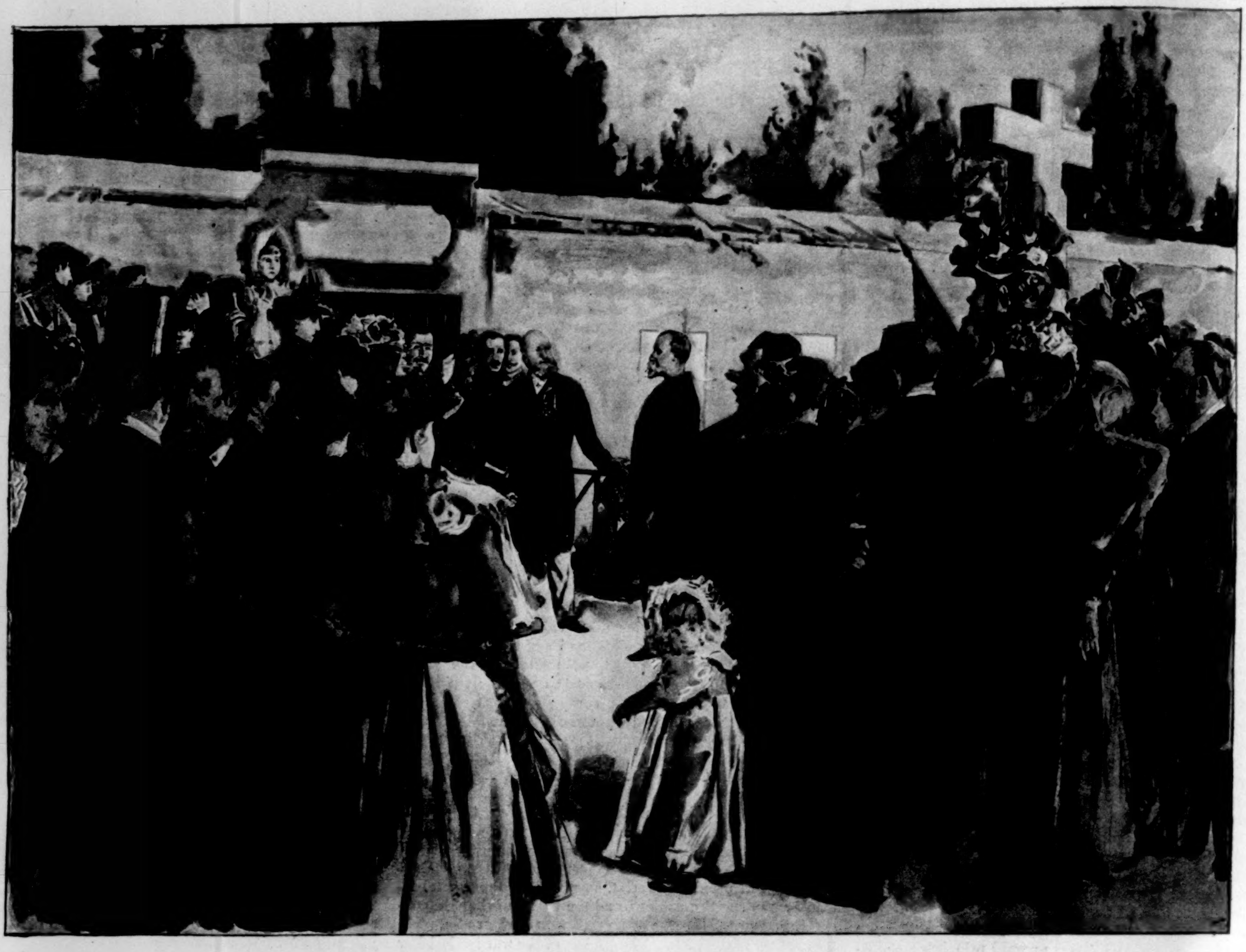
In reaching this conclusion it is not needful to question any of the assertions of fact made by the report. True, these are challenged in many points by men who know the truth, and the labored and persistent effort in them to relieve from reproach the strikers, rioters, and friends of disorder, and to exhibit as unwise or questionable every principal step taken to oppose them, is the characteristic feature of the commissioners' statement. But the amazing nature of their reasoning is far more important. Admit the strict accuracy, the absolute impartiality, of every assertion they have made, in general and in detail, and still the conclusions they draw are such as no other tribunal in Christendom would have drawn, such as can be entertained only by those who first reject the accepted principles of political economy and the entire doctrine of rights and of remedies in our common law.

One or two examples of their method of reasoning will suffice. The report shows clearly that for about eight months prior to May 1, 1894, the Pullman Company had kept its men at work on contracts for building cars which cost them, for materials and labor at the yards, $52,069 more than they received for them, or 3.66 per cent. That is to say, for the sake of keeping its hands employed, it paid them every dollar their labor added to the value of the material used, and $52,000 besides. The company avowed its policy to make this sacrifice for the sake of its workmen, and as a public service. But the commissioners go out of their way to argue that the loss in question was incurred for purely selfish reasons—"that its plant might not rust; that its competitors might not invade its territory; that it might keep its cars in repair," etc. This entire argument on the company's motive is irrelevant, and is only introduced as a cover and diversion to the extraordinary bit of logic which it follows. The substantial fact is that the company kept its men at work to its own direct loss of about $300 each working day for many months. Now the report compares the aggregate wages paid during this time with the wages which would have been paid had the rates paid in the preceding time of great prosperity and large profits been maintained. At the scale of wages in use up to June, 1893, the company would have paid during the eight months in question $60,000 more than it actually paid. What is the conclusion? Simply that the company lost $52,000, but that its men lost $60,000, an unfair division of the loss! These practical economists deliberately suggest that the company ought to have borne "three-quarters of the loss," instead of less than a half; it ought to have paid wages to the amount of $32,000 more, and reduced the "loss" of its workmen to $28,000. In other words, it is severely censured for having given its laborers a pure gratuity of $52,000, at a time when its entire capital was earning nothing, because it did not give them $84,000.

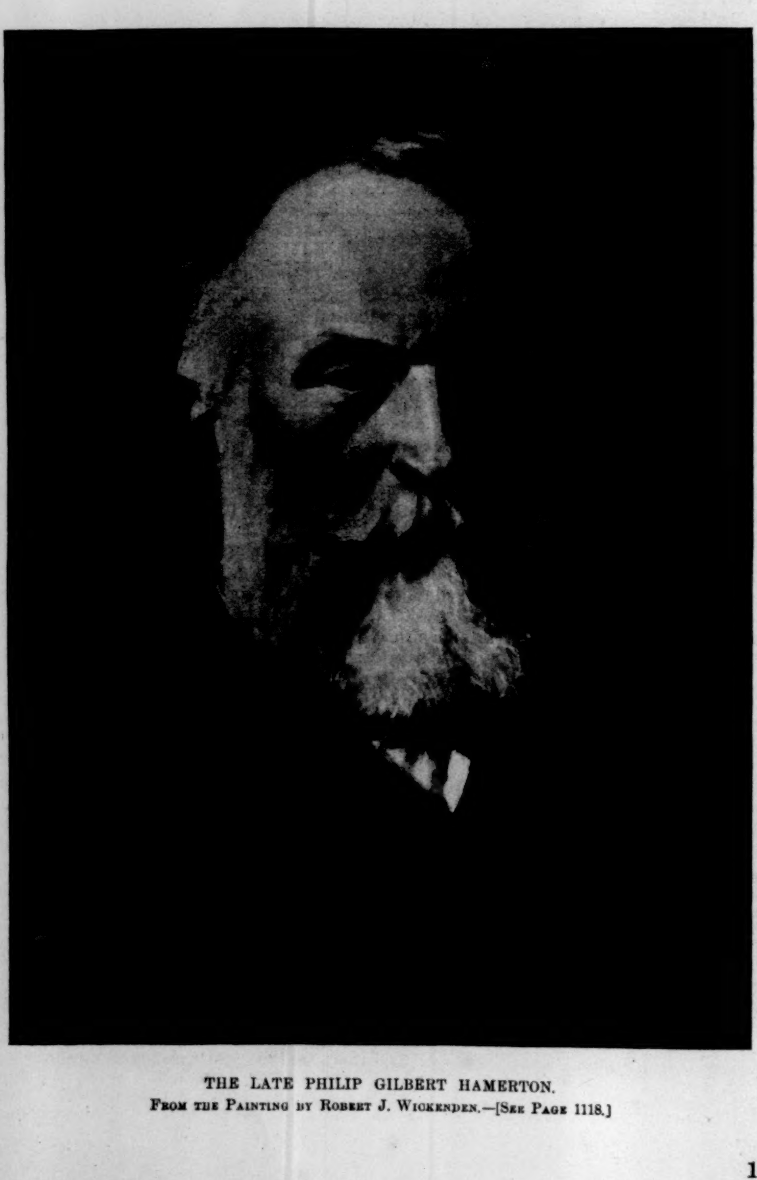
What is the state of mind of men who sign such a report? What are the silent assumptions which underlie this reasoning? Simply that the rights of property are not worthy of regard; that the trustees of the thousand or more investors who hold the stock of the Pullman Company have no duty to these stockholders which does not vanish before the sentimental dictates of a fanciful charity; that the property of countless families may be given away by their agents without consulting the principals. It is further assumed that the private business of corporations is of its nature a public eleemosynary institution, and the principles implied by the report would shame all honest labor into dependence, and turn the face of industry towards beggary. But, worst of all, the commissioners parade in this argument their utter indifference to the claims of the numberless laboringmen who in these times could find no employment and earn nothing. Thousands of them stood ready at all times to take the places of the strikers, and would have entered the workshops at the actual wages paid as a sort of paradise. Yet the unorganized and voiceless multitude are forgotten, and the Commission would have the discontented group of the employed selected to be fed, clothed, and housed at a rate far beyond the value of their work, by a forced levy, primarily upon the stockholders, and therefore ultimately upon the community at large, and especially upon the unemployed. Thus the first principles of economical science are outraged by the assumptions of the report.

Again, the commissioners show that the American Railway Union violated its own constitution: first, by admitting the car-builders as members; secondly, by sustaining their clearly "unjustifiable demand" for the wages of June, 1893; and thirdly, by proclaiming a sympathetic strike against the railroads, the commerce of the country, and the peace and welfare of the nation to enforce this demand. They further make it clear that the union exercised no restraint upon its members in their acts of violence, but by its constitution and the acts of its leaders encouraged them to many forms of crime. But its elaborate comments on the admitted facts throw all the blame for the resulting disorder and loss upon those who combined for no purpose but to restore order and protect life and property. Proclaiming, with emphasis, that the striking unions had "no grievances against the railroads," they go on severely to censure the roads as having caused all the trouble by refusing to arbitrate the dispute. And they reserve their highest strains of eulogy for the "dignified, manly, and conservative conduct" of the Pullman strikers, in that they did not burn the shops and destroy the machinery by which they hoped thereafter to live. This abstinence from the most foolish and wicked of crimes is to the Commission the bright and promising feature of this sad history, and "worthy of the highest type of American citizenship." Indeed, the fact that most of the Pullman workmen refrained from arson and murder in their own town is hailed by the report as an earnest of "the lawful and orderly redress of labor wrongs." Can the fatuous defiance of all the foundations of morality and law go further than this?

It is needless to follow the reasoning of the commissioners on other subjects. The principles silently assumed by them throughout the report are the negatives of all those on which civilized society has hitherto rested. Economics, in their minds, are not science, but sentiment. Law, to them, is not the permanent definition and enforcement of rights, but an antiquated mass of traditions, to be brushed aside or remoulded by a temporary and apparent expediency. The society to which they look is not the Christian and industrial civilization which embodies all that history has achieved for man, which reverences the moral law, and applies it by guarding vested rights as sacred, but is a vague dream of a socialistic community, in which every man has an undefined claim upon the property and labor of every other. These principles, we firmly believe, need but to be disentangled from the specious disguises of irrelevant fact and plausible thought which fill this report to be rejected by the strong sense of the American people. If the Commission is a body of statesmen, their statesmanship is revolutionary. But they stand too nearly alone among our public men to form a danger signal. The nation is not yet ready to give up all its standards of morality and law.



THE SOCIETY OF THE SONS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION DECORATING THE GRAVE OF LAFAYETTE AT PICPUS CEMETERY, PARIS, ON OCTOBER 19, 1894.—DRAWN BY F. FLORIAN.—[SEE PAGE 1120.]



THE LATE PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.
FROM THE PAINTING BY ROBERT J. WICKENDEN.—[SEE PAGE 1118.]

MAJOR-GENERAL ALEXANDER McDOWELL McCOOK, U. S. A.
APPOINTED BY THE PRESIDENT TO SUCCEED GENERAL HOWARD, RETIRED.—[SEE PAGE 1122.]

THE PARASITE.*

BY A. CONAN DOYLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE REFUGEES," "MICAH CLARKE," "ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES," ETC., ETC.

PART III.

APRIL 9TH.—Victory! I have done splendidly! At seven o'clock last night I took a hasty dinner, and then locked myself up in my bedroom and dropped the key into the garden. I chose a cheery novel and lay in bed for three hours trying to read it, but really in a horrible state of trepidation, expecting every instant that I should become conscious of the impulse. Nothing of the sort occurred, however, and I woke this morning with the feeling that a black nightmare had been lifted off me. Perhaps the creature realized what I had done, and understood that it was useless to try to influence me. At any rate, I have beaten her once, and if I can do it once I can do it again.

It was most awkward about the key in the morning. Luckily there was an undergardener below, and I asked him to throw it up. No doubt he thought I had just dropped it. I will have doors and windows screwed up, and six stout men to hold me down in my bed, before I will surrender myself to be hag-ridden in this way.

I had a note from Mrs. Marden this afternoon, asking me to go round and see her. I intended to do so in any case, but had not expected to find bad news waiting for me. It seems that the Armstrongs, from whom Agatha has expectations, are due home from Adelaide in the *Aurora*, and that they have written to Mrs. Marden and her to meet them in town. They will probably be away for a month or six weeks, and as the *Aurora* is due on Wednesday, they must go at once—to-morrow if they are ready in time. My consolation is that when we meet again there will be no more parting between Agatha and me.

"I want you to do one thing, Agatha," said I, when we were alone together: "If you should happen to meet Miss Penclosa, either in town or here, you must promise me never again to allow her to mesmerize you."

Agatha opened her eyes.

"Why, it was only the other day that you were saying how interesting it all was, and how determined you were to finish your experiments."

"I know. But I have changed my mind since then."

"And you won't have it any more?"

"No."

"I am so glad, Austin. You can't think how pale and worn you have been lately. It was really our principal objection to going to London now, that we did not wish to leave you when you were so pulled down. And your manner has been so strange occasionally—especially that night when you left poor Professor Pratt Haldane to play dummy. I am convinced that these experiments are very bad for your nerves."

"I think so too, dear."

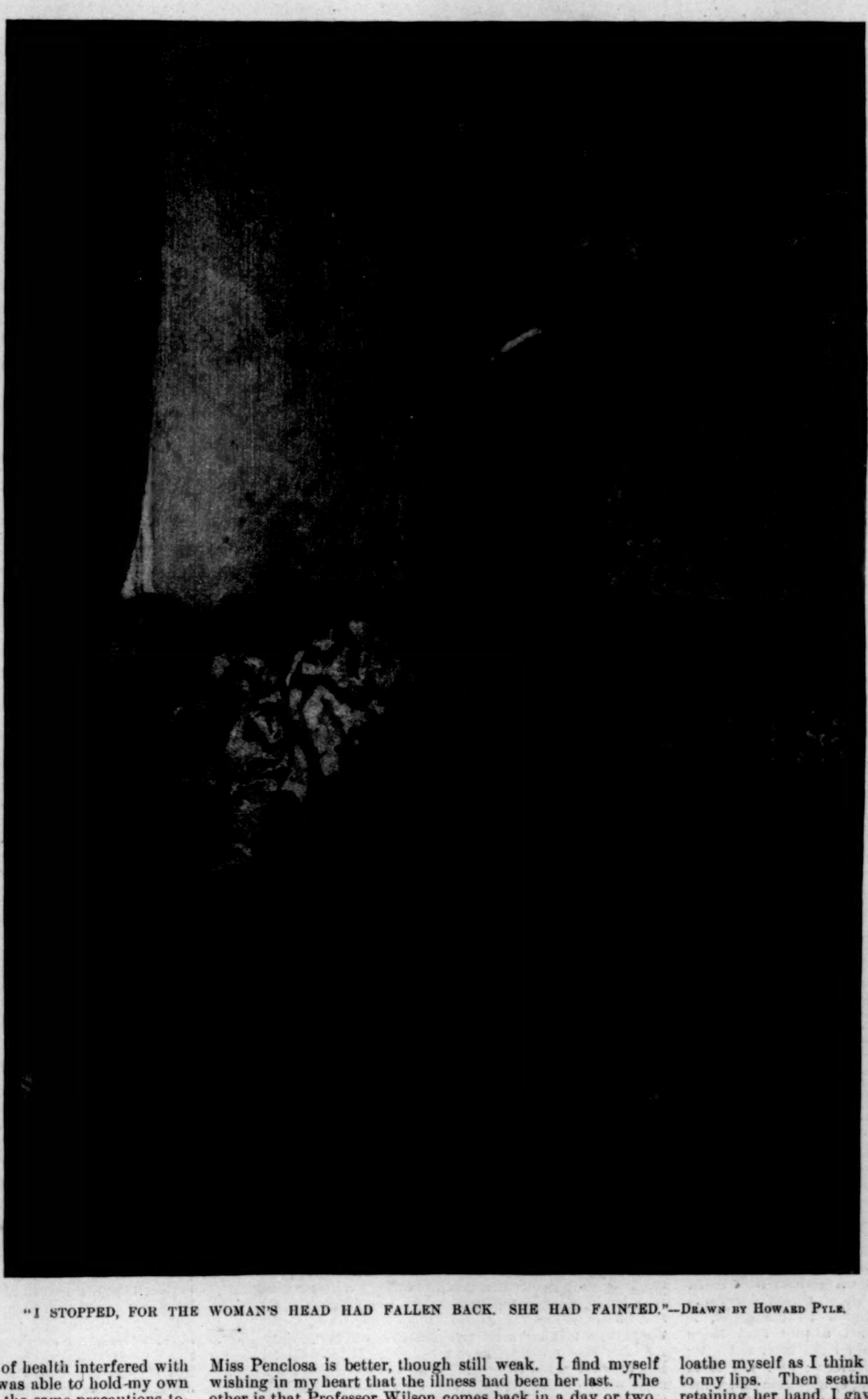
"And for Miss Penclosa's nerves as well. You have heard that she is ill?"

"No."

"Mrs. Wilson told us so last night. She described it as a nervous fever. Professor Wilson is coming back this week, and of course Mrs. Wilson is very anxious that Miss Penclosa should be well again then, for he has quite a programme of experiments which he is anxious to carry out."

I was glad to have Agatha's promise, for it was enough that this woman should have one of us in her clutch. On the other hand, I was disturbed to hear about Miss Penclosa's illness. It rather discounts the victory which I appeared to win last night. I remember that she said that loss of health interfered with her power. That may be why I was able to hold my own so easily. Well, well, I must take the same precautions to-night, and see what comes of it. I am childishly frightened when I think of her.

April 10th.—All went very well last night. I was amused at the gardener's face when I had again to hail him this morning and to ask him to throw up my key. I shall get a name among the servants if this sort of thing goes on. But the great point is that I staid in my room without the slightest inclination to leave it. I do believe that I am shaking myself clear of this incredible bond—or is it only that the woman's power is in abeyance until she recovers her strength? I can but pray for the best.



"I STOPPED, FOR THE WOMAN'S HEAD HAD FALLEN BACK. SHE HAD FAINTED."—DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.

The Mardens left this morning, and the brightness seems to have gone out of the spring sunshine. And yet it is very beautiful also, as it gleams on the green chestnuts opposite my windows, and gives a touch of gayety to the heavy lichen-mottled walls of the old colleges. How sweet and gentle and soothing is Nature! Who would think that there lurked in her also such vile forces, such odious possibilities? For of course I understand that this dreadful thing which has sprung out at me is neither supernatural nor even preternatural. No; it is a natural force which this woman can use, and society is ignorant of. The mere fact that it ebbs with her strength shows how entirely it is subject to physical laws. If I had time I might probe it to the bottom, and lay my hands upon its antidote. But you cannot tame the tiger when you are beneath his claws. You can but try to writhe away from him. Ah! when I look in the glass and see my own dark eyes and clear-cut Spanish face, I long for a vitriol splash or a bout of the small-pox. One or the other might have saved me from this calamity.

I am inclined to think that I may have trouble to-night. There are two things which make me fear so. One is that I met Mrs. Wilson in the street, and that she tells me that Miss Penclosa is better, though still weak. I find myself wishing in my heart that the illness had been her last. The other is that Professor Wilson comes back in a day or two, and his presence would act as a constraint upon her. I should not fear our interviews if a third person were present. For both these reasons I have a presentiment of trouble to-night, and I shall take the same precautions as before.

April 11th.—No, thank God, all went well last night. I really could not face the gardener again. I locked my door and thrust the key underneath it, so that I had to ask the maid to let me out in the morning. But the precaution was really not needed, for I never had any inclination to go out at all. Three evenings in succession at home! I am surely near the end of my troubles, for Wilson will be home again either to-day or to-morrow. Shall I tell him of what I have gone through or not? I am convinced that I should not have the slightest sympathy from him. He would look upon me as an interesting case, and read a paper about me at the next meeting of the Psychical Society, in which he would gravely discuss the possibility of my being a deliberate liar, and weigh it against the chances of my being in an early stage of lunacy. No, I shall get no comfort out of Wilson.

I am feeling wonderfully fit and well. I don't think I ever lectured with greater spirit. Oh, if I could only get this shadow off my life, how happy I should be! Young, fairly wealthy, in the front rank of my profession, engaged to a beautiful and charming girl—have I not everything which a man could ask for? Only one thing to trouble me; but what a thing it is!

Midnight.—I shall go mad. Yes, that will be the end of it. I shall go mad. I am not far from it now. My head throbs as I rest it on my hot hand. I am quivering all over like a scared horse. Oh, what a night I have had! And yet I have some cause to be satisfied also.

At the risk of becoming the laughing-stock of my own servant, I again slipped my key under the door, imprisoning myself for the night. Then, finding it too early to go to bed, I lay down with my clothes on and began to read one of Dumas's novels. Suddenly I was gripped—gripped and dragged from the couch. It is only thus that I can describe the overpowering nature of the force which pounced upon me. I clawed at the coverlet. I clung to the wood-work. I believe that I screamed out in my frenzy. It was all useless—hopeless. I *must* go. There was no way out of it. It was only at the outset that I resisted. The force soon became too overmastering for that. I thank goodness that there were no watchers there to interfere with me. I could not have answered for myself if there had been. And besides the determination to get out, there came to me also the keenest and coolest judgment in choosing my means. I lit a candle and endeavored, kneeling in front of the door, to pull the key through with the feather end of a quill pen. It was just too short, and pushed it further away. Then with quiet persistence I got a paper-knife out of one of the drawers, and with that I managed to draw the key back. I opened the door, stepped into my study, took a photograph of myself from the bureau, wrote something across it, placed it in the inside pocket of my coat, and then started off for Wilson's.

It was all wonderfully clear, and yet disassociated from the rest of my life, as the incidents of even the most vivid dream might be. A peculiar double consciousness possessed me. There was the predominant alien will which was bent upon drawing me to the side of its owner, and there was the feebler protesting personality, which I recognized as being myself, tugging feebly at the overmastering impulse as a led terrier might at its chain. I can remember recognizing these two conflicting forces, but I recall nothing of my walk, nor of how I was admitted to the house.

Very vivid, however, is my recollection of how I met Miss Penclosa. She was reclining on the sofa in the little boudoir in which our experiments had usually been carried out. Her head was rested on her hand, and a tiger-skin rug had been partly drawn over her. She looked up expectantly as I entered, and as the lamp-light fell upon her face I could see that she was very pale and thin, with dark hollows under her eyes. She smiled at me, and pointed to a stool beside her. It was with her left hand that she pointed, and I, running eagerly forward, seized it—I loathe myself as I think of it—and pressed it passionately to my lips. Then seating myself upon the stool, and still retaining her hand, I gave her the photograph which I had brought with me, and talked and talked and talked, of my love for her, of my grief over her illness, of my joy at her recovery, of the misery it was to me to be absent a single evening from her side. She lay quietly looking down at me with imperious eyes and her provocative smile. Once I remember that she passed her hand over my hair, as one caresses a dog; and it gave me pleasure—the caress. I thrilled under it. I was her slave, body and soul, and for the moment I rejoiced in my slavery.

And then came the blessed change. Never tell me that there is not a Providence. I was on the brink of perdition. My feet were on the edge. Was it a coincidence that at that very instant help should come? No, no, no; there is a Providence, and Its hand has drawn me back. There is something in the universe stronger than this devil-woman with her tricks. Ah, what a balm to my heart it is to think so!

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1977.

As I looked up at her I was conscious of a change in her. Her face, which had been pale before, was now ghastly. Her eyes were dull, and the lids drooped heavily over them. Above all, the look of serene confidence had gone from her features. Her mouth had weakened. Her forehead had puckered. She was frightened and undecided. And as I watched the change my own spirit fluttered and struggled, trying hard to tear itself from the grip which held it—a grip which from moment to moment grew less secure.

"Austin," she whispered, "I have tried to do too much. I was not strong enough. I have not recovered yet from my illness. But I could not live longer without seeing you. You won't leave me, Austin. This is only a passing weakness. If you will only give me five minutes, I shall be myself again. Give me the small decanter from the table in the window."

But I had regained my soul. With her waning strength the influence had cleared away from me and left me free. And I was aggressive—bitterly, fiercely aggressive. For once, at least, I could make this woman understand what my real feelings towards her were. My soul was filled with a hatred as bestial as the love against which it was a reaction. It was the savage, murderous passion of the revolted serf. I could have taken the crutch from her side and beaten her face in with it. She threw her hands up as if to avoid a blow, and cowered away from me into the corner of the settee.

"The brandy!" she gasped. "The brandy!"

I took the decanter, and poured it over the roots of a palm in the window. Then I snatched the photograph from her hand and tore it into a hundred pieces.

"You vile woman!" I said. "If I did my duty to society you would never leave this room alive."

"I love you, Austin—I love you," she wailed.

"Yes," I cried, "and Charles Sadler before. And how many others before that?"

"Charles Sadler!" she gasped. "He has spoken to you! So, Charles Sadler—Charles Sadler!" Her voice came through her white lips like a snake's hiss.

"Yes, I know you, and others shall know you too. You shameless creature! You knew how I stood. And yet you used your vile power to bring me to your side. You may perhaps do so again, but at least you will remember that you have heard me say that I love Miss Marden from the bottom of my soul, and that I loathe you, abhor you. The very sight of you and the sound of your voice fill me with horror and disgust. The thought of you is repulsive. That is how I feel towards you, and if it pleases you by your tricks to draw me again to your side, as you have done to-night, you will at least, I should think, have little satisfaction in trying to make a lover out of a man who has told you his real opinion of you. You may put what words you will into my mouth, but you cannot help remembering."

I stopped, for the woman's head had fallen back, and she had fainted. She could not bear to hear what I had to say to her. What a glow of satisfaction it gives me to think that, come what may, in the future she can never misunderstand my true feelings towards her! But what will occur in the future? What will she do next? I dare not think of it. Oh, if only I could hope that she will leave me alone! But when I think of what I said to her— Never mind; I have been stronger than she for once.

April 12th.—I hardly slept last night, and found myself in the morning so unstrung and feverish that I was compelled to ask Pratt-Haldane to do my lecture for me. It is the first that I have ever missed. I rose at midday, but my head is aching, my hands quivering, and my nerves in a pitiable state.

Who should come round this evening but Wilson! He has just come back from London, where he has lectured, read papers, convened meetings, exposed a medium, conducted a series of experiments on thought-transferrence, entertained Professor Richet of Paris, spent hours gazing into a crystal, and obtained some evidence as to the passage of matter through matter. All this he poured into my ears in a single gust.

"But you?" he cried at last. "You are not looking well. And Miss Penclosa is quite prostrated to-day. How about the experiments?"

"I have abandoned them."

"Tut, tut! Why?"

"The subject seems to me to be a dangerous one."

Out came his big brown note-book.

"This is of great interest," said he. "What are your grounds for saying that it is a dangerous one. Please give your facts in chronological order, with approximate dates, and names of reliable witnesses, with their permanent addresses."

"First of all," I asked, "would you tell me whether you have collected any cases where the mesmerist has gained a command over the subject and has used it for evil purposes?"

"Dozens!" he cried, exultantly. "Crime by suggestion—"

"I don't mean suggestion. I mean where a sudden impulse comes from a person at a distance—an uncontrollable impulse."

"Obsession!" he shrieked, in an ecstasy of delight. "It is the rarest condition. We have eight cases, five well attested. You don't mean to say—" his exultation made him hardly articulate.

"No, I don't," said I. "Good-evening. You will excuse me, but I am not very well to-night." And so at last I got rid of him, still brandishing his pencil and his note-book. My troubles may be hard to bear, but at least it is better to hug them to myself than to have myself exhibited by Wilson like a freak at a fair. He has lost sight of human beings. Everything to him is a case and a phenomenon. I will die before I speak to him again upon the matter.

April 13th.—Yesterday was a blessed day of quiet, and I enjoyed an uneventful night. Wilson's presence is a great consolation. What can the woman do now? Surely when she has heard me say what I have said she will conceive the same disgust for me which I have for her. She could not—no, she *could* not—desire to have a lover who had insulted her so. No, I believe I am free from her love—but how about her hate? Might she not use these powers of hers for revenge. Tut! why should I frighten myself over shadows? She will forget about me, and I shall forget about her, and all will be well.

April 14th.—My nerves have quite recovered their tone. I really believe that I have conquered the creature. But I must confess to living in some suspense. She is well again, for I hear that she was driving with Mrs. Wilson in the High Street in the afternoon.

April 15th.—I do wish I could get away from the place altogether. I shall fly to Agatha's side the very day that the term closes. I suppose it is pitiably weak of me, but this woman gets upon my nerves most terribly. I have seen her again, and I have spoken with her.

It was just after lunch, and I was smoking a cigarette in my study, when I heard the step of my servant Murray in the passage. I was languidly conscious that a second step was audible behind, and had hardly troubled myself to speculate who it might be, when suddenly a slight noise brought me out of my chair with my skin creeping with apprehension. I had never particularly observed before what sort of sound the tapping of a crutch was, but my quivering nerves told me that I heard it now in the sharp wooden clack which alternated with the muffled thud of the footfall. Another instant and my servant had shown her in.

I did not attempt the usual conventions of society, nor did she. I simply stood with the smouldering cigarette in my hand and gazed at her. She in her turn looked silently at me, and at her look I remembered how in these very pages I had tried to define the expression of her eyes, whether they were furtive or fierce. To-day they were fierce—coldly and inexorably so.

"Well," said she at last, "are you still of the same mind as when I saw you last?"

"I have always been of the same mind."

"Let us understand each other, Professor Gilroy," said she, slowly. "I am not a very safe person to trifle with, as you should realize by now. It was you who asked me to enter into a series of experiments with you, it was you who won my affections, it was you who professed your love for me, it was you who brought me your own photograph with words of affection upon it, and finally it was you who on the very same evening thought fit to insult me most outrageously, addressing me as no man has ever dared to speak to me yet. Tell me that those words came from you in a moment of passion, and I am prepared to forget and to forgive them. You did not mean what you said, Austin? You do not really hate me?"

I might have pitied this deformed woman—such a longing for love broke suddenly through the menace of her eyes. But then I thought of what I had gone through, and my heart set like flint.

"If ever you heard me speak of love," said I, "you know very well that it was your voice which spoke, and not mine. The only words of truth which I have ever been able to say to you are those which you heard when last we met."

"I know. Some one has set you against me. It was he." She tapped with her crutch upon the floor. "Well, you know very well that I could bring you this instant crouching like a spaniel to my feet. You will not find me again in my hour of weakness, when you can insult me with impunity. Have a care what you are doing, Professor Gilroy. You stand in a terrible position. You have not yet realized the hold which I have upon you."

I shrugged my shoulders and turned away.

"Well," said she, after a pause, "if you despise my love, I must see what can be done with fear. You smile, but the day will come when you will come screaming to me for pardon. Yes, you will grovel on the ground before me, proud as you are, and you will curse the day that ever you turned me from your best friend into your most bitter enemy. Have a care, Professor Gilroy." I saw a white hand shaking in the air, and a face which was scarcely human, so convulsed was it with passion. An instant later she was gone, and I heard the quick hobble and tap receding down the passage.

But she has left a weight upon my heart. Vague presentiments of coming misfortune lie heavily upon me. I try in vain to persuade myself that these are only words of empty anger. I can remember those relentless eyes too clearly to think so. What shall I do?—ah, what shall I do? I am no longer master of my own soul. At any moment this loathsome parasite may creep into me, and then—? I must tell some one my hideous secret—I must tell it or go mad. If I had some one to sympathize and advise! Wilson is out of the question. Charles Sadler would understand me only so far as his own experience carries him. Pratt-Haldane! he is a well-balanced man, a man of great common-sense and resource. I will go to him. I will tell him everything. God grant that he may be able to advise me!

6.45 P.M.—No, it is useless. There is no human help for me. I must fight this out single-handed. Two courses lie before me. I might become this woman's lover. Or I must endure such persecutions as she can inflict upon me. Even if none come, I shall live in a hell of apprehension. But she may torture me, she may drive me mad, she may kill me—I will never, never, never give in. What can she inflict which would be worse than the loss of Agatha, and the knowledge that I am a perjured liar and have forfeited the name of gentleman?

Pratt-Haldane was most amiable, and listened with all politeness to my story. But when I looked at his heavy-set features, his slow eyes, and the ponderous study furniture which surrounds him, I could hardly tell him what I had come to say. It was all so substantial, so material. And besides, what would I myself have said, a short month ago, if one of my colleagues had come to me with a story of dæmonic possession. Perhaps I should have been less patient than he was. As it was, he took notes of my statement, asked me how much tea I drank, how many hours I slept, whether I had been overworking much, had I had sudden pains in the head, evil dreams, singing in the ears, flashes before the eyes—all questions which pointed to his belief that brain congestion was at the bottom of my trouble. Finally he dismissed me with a great many platitudes about open-air exercise and avoidance of nervous excitement. His prescription, which was for chloral and bromide, I rolled up and threw into the gutter.

No, I can look for no help from any human being. If I consult any more, they may put their heads together, and I may find myself in an asylum. I can but grip my courage with both hands and pray that an honest man may not be abandoned.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TENTH ANNUAL HORSE SHOW OF THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

SPECTATORS.

FIRST of all, the show is a success. There can be no doubt of that. To the most casual on-looker who strayed into the Madison Square Garden any one day during the week the indubitable improvement in horse-flesh at the show is patent. If he happened to recall the facts of a score of years ago, he probably appreciated the good work that those who are fond of horses and have money to spend have done in the general development of the American horse. In this show, where there was so much to commend, it seemed a pity that there should have been anything to criticise; and yet it is rather remarkable that some very simple matters have not been corrected along with the general development of the horse.

The one particular point on which I base my strongest criticism is the mingling of saddle and harness horses. There was a time undoubtedly in the early struggling days of the Association when it was not advisable to displease horse-owners, but that day came to an end long ago, and there has been no reason whatsoever, and certainly no excuse, for permitting men to enter their horses in classes which call for entirely different animals.

For those of us whose purses do not permit the free indulgence of our tastes, it is very fortunate that there are such things as general utility horses. It is highly satisfactory to own an animal on which we can have a gallop, or that will do duty between the shafts, but that is not the sort of animal that should stand as a type in either class. It is a good thing to "aim high," as the adage goes, and we cannot place the standard of our national show at too great an elevation. Whether or not it is considered so throughout the country, the fact remains that this New York show *is* national in its character, and it is therefore the more important that its officials insist upon the classes being properly divided.

It is absurd for me to take up space in an argument over the difference between a saddle and a harness horse. Carrying a man in the saddle and drawing him along on wheels are different games, and require distinct animals in manners and conformation. The difference between the two animals is known to every horseman. Most of the directors and officers of the National Association are horsemen; certainly the following gentlemen are known to be: Messrs. Cassatt, Kip, Hyde, Hitchcock, Bronson, Sturgis, Underhill, Herbert, and Lawrence; and these gentlemen need not to be told that the present mixing of the two classes is not benefiting either. Another year we must have a change. It seems to be hopeless to trust to the education of the horse-owners for a better separation of the types. The only way by which such a matter may be brought about is for the Association to refuse the entry of the same horse in both the saddle and harness classes; he must be in either the harness or saddle class. The catalogue of the show just concluded gives evidence of a slight improvement in this direction, but it is so slight that one must scan the leaves very closely to discover it. In one instance we may mention, out of something like a dozen horses shown under saddle, nine of them were entered in both classes. When we have separated the harness class from the saddle class we may hope to do something in the improvement of the saddle-horse, strictly speaking. Probably of all the types in this country that were represented in the New York show, the saddle-horse shows the least improvement. There is no wanting of entries in this class at each successive show, and it must be acknowledged that to the superficial observer there seemed to be a good bit of improvement, but the truth of the matter is that one finds all manner of horses put forth as saddle animals. Nearly every well-bred, decently mannered animal will make a fair showing under the saddle, but that does not make him a saddle-horse.

These remarks may seem somewhat like the recitation of the rule of three of our school days, but the saddle-horses that have been seen only this present year, and (what is worse) the awards in some of the classes make the remarks pertinent. It is bad enough that the general public should confuse the saddle-horse and the carriage-horse, but when the judges make the same error it is about time that the Executive Board of the Association came to the rescue by establishing a hard-and-fast rule of separation between the two types. It is not to be supposed, I presume, that if the public and the judges make this mistake, the fine distinction between the original saddle-horse and the ladies' hack would be appreciated. There is not much difference, probably, between the man's and the woman's saddle-horse, but if there is a ladies' saddle-horse class, it certainly ought to be a distinct type. And there is such a type, and animals to be had in fairly goodish numbers, but somehow they do not seem to find their way into the New York Horse Show ring.

It seems, after all, as though we must conclude that outside of the South the distinct type of saddle-horse does not receive the attention it merits. There is really more attention given the saddle-horse out West than there is here in this

THE NEW WOMAN.

A MEETING.

section round about New York which we call the East. Even the stock saddle-hacks in the livery-stables in the West are of a much truer type of saddle-horse than what we will find for hire in New York and vicinity. There are plenty of fine saddle-animals here, but they are the exception and not the rule. Probably the best of our Eastern saddle-horses are owned by hunting-men, and in most cases they are ridden to hounds, and are called hunters. I even incline to the opinion that there should be a class distinction between hunters and saddle-horses. I think we should establish a standard in these matters; and certainly the ideal hunter, so far as conformation goes, is not the ideal saddle-horse; or, to better emphasize it, the ideal saddle-horse is far from being the ideal hunter.

It seems to be the popular supposition that any horse that jumps is a hunter. It is not considered so in England, where the hunter and the hack have their special class, and are not confused. There are hunters, many of them, that have an easy gait, and would make good saddle-horses, but that is not the first requirement of a hunter. The latter is an entirely different type of beast from the ordinary park or country hack, and if we ever expect to attain any distinction in breeding outside of the trotter and the Southern saddle-horse, we had best learn first to distinguish types. What stronger object-lesson could be had, for instance, than to place a Kentucky horse, which is the type of our saddle-horse (in fact, is the ideal animal), in the ring with one of the types of hunters that are to be found up in the Genesee Valley or on Long Island.

There are very good-looking and useful, and in some cases valuable, horses that are neither distinctively saddle-horses nor hunters; and this class, of course, has its use. But this is the national show of the United States of America that I am writing about, and it is there we must establish standards from which to breed our types.

There is another matter for the action of the Association officers. In years past there was no particular distinction made for entries in the several hunting-classes, but experience taught the necessity of excluding winners in certain classes from competing in others. This year it has been demonstrated that a still further proscription is necessary. One very curious class in the show this year was a mixture of green and qualified hunters over jumps. It seemed an extraordinary combination, and the result of the jumping was quite as uncommonly bad. The management appear to think it necessary to provide a great deal of jumping for the spectators, and accordingly numberless classes were produced for the gratification of the high-jump on-looker. Some of these classes were palpably put in for the gallery; and one particularly that I have in mind, Class 96, an "open-to-all, performance over fences only to count," furnished most ridiculously wretched jumping. There were some very good horses in the class, but the average appeared to have been entered to "try its luck"; they had no other qualification for the class.

Yet again: The hunter should be entered in but one class. He must either be green or qualified, or light, middle, or heavy weight. It is not fair to permit a light-weight hunter in a middle-weight class, any more than it would be to allow a middle-weight in a light-weight class. This is equally true of saddle-horses, and was most noticeably ignored in Class 71, for horses "up to carrying 160 pounds," where there were some that should have been relegated to the heavy-weights "up to carrying 220 pounds"—the judges permitted them to remain in the ring, however.

The correction of such matters rests not with the judges of the classes, but the officers of the Association. It is too late to set the reformatory wave in motion after the horses have entered the ring; it would create confusion at such a time, and, moreover, missionary work does not come within the province of the judges. They are there to judge such entries as the Association has accepted for the various classes.

There is no doubt, however, that a more intelligent defining of the classes throughout the entire catalogue of saddle and harness animals would tend to the advancement of the show's future. Besides the fact that we should have on a right basis an exhibition which makes such pretence, is the additional fact that unless we do so the support of owners and breeders is not likely to be forth-coming. The show would soon become of minor importance were it to be but the plaything of a handful that cared only for their own and the gratification of their friends. The more outside entries we get, the more pronounced becomes the success of the show and the more significant the nationality of the Association. The directors have been fearful of offending friends and supporters, no doubt, and therefore lax in their duty to horsemen. The Association has reached a point now, however, where there is no further need of alarm at losing a few entries; its show is a success from every point of view. There remains, therefore, the practical, the more valuable, side to be taken up seriously and developed earnestly in the interest of breeders and for the good of the American horse generally.

Obviously the first step in this direction is the separation of classes, so that owners may have some assurance that they will all meet on equal footing. That saddle and harness horses should be separated is altogether, as I have said, too absurdly manifest to require argument from me or any one else.

The separation of saddle-horses and hunters may not be so apparent to the average man, but the Directors and all horsemen must appreciate the desirability if not the importance of such distinction. We have in this country a few hundred men who keep hunters, and only two or three that breed them. On the other hand, there are literally thousands that own saddle-horses, and hundreds that breed them. Why should they not have the best encouragement of this National Horse Show Association? The prime requisite of a saddler is gait; that of a hunter is jumping; conformation and temper and manners are necessary essentials in both, but for different purposes.

After the separation of saddle and carriage horses, it is probably in the harness classes where the need for clearer defining of requirements is the most pressing. Taking the catalogue of the show just concluded, we find the distinctions "horses in harness," "carriage-horses," "horses, carriages, and appointments," and "roadsters," which, generally speaking, seem to cover all demands, but when we come to look at the classes under the several heads they do not answer the requirements.

There is no criticism to be made on the various classes for horses of different size, single and double, for there the individuality of the animals asserts itself, and they are judged on their merits. So also with the classes where appointment and general style of turnout are taken into consideration. The two points to which we take exception are, first, the weight of judgment in favor of high-stepping over pace (conformation and quality, of course, being equal) in certain classes; and second, the absorption of the roadster classes by the trotter. After all, this seems to be a matter for which the judges rather than the Association are the more responsible.

Good knee action is, to be sure, always desirable—indeed, essential—in every harness horse used for pleasure driving. But the exaggerated action which, except in rare cases, is attained at the sacrifice of pace, is desirable for particular occasions only, and ought so to be considered in the judging ring. Extravagant high-stepping is showy in a cabriolet or phaeton for park driving, where pace is not a desideratum, but it is not, as a rule, the first or even an enviable requisite for a village cart or dog-cart or brougham when you are wanting to reach your destination rather than have your horse dance away the time in a bushel basket.

"High-steppers" have certain fields of usefulness that are limited, and they should not be confused with the carriage-horse, which has all the style necessary, and pace in addition. Now and again the two qualities are combined, as in Mr John A. Logan's Devil's Deputy, which has remarkable knee action, with plenty of reach and good pace; but the type is rare. Mr. Oliver Belmont's Hurlingham is another such a type, despite the fact that he took second to his owner's other grand animal, Buckingham. The point I am endeavoring to make can be more clearly seen, perhaps, by a comparison of any one of these three horses with Mr. Hamlin's beautiful tandem leader Gladys. The latter is very showy, and has more reach than most high-steppers, but not nearly so much as either Mr. Belmont's or Mr. Logan's horses mentioned. All these, however, are remarkable animals not often duplicated, except when such a one as Mr. F. D. Beard's Sensation comes along to be a week's wonder. It is of the class generally that I write. Except in particularized instances extreme high-stepping should not be given the precedence it is over pace. The high-steppers are like the hunters in point of numbers and value. Only a comparatively few stables house them, and they have no place outside of one or two large cities. The stylish good-acting carriage-horse that gets over the ground is an inhabitant of every well-appointed establishment from one end of the country to the other. He has a place in the economics of our life; he is useful as well as ornamental. In the New York show, and in that of every other city, he should not be made to stand aside while the high-stepper performs for the spectators and captures the ribbons. It is entirely proper the latter should have recognition, for he too fills a place (not precisely an economical one), and classes for the type should be found in every show catalogue. The fact is, the high-stepper pure and simple should not be allowed to go into carriage-horse classes and take prizes over animals less showy but more useful. More pointedly speaking, judges should not permit their prejudices for knee action to blind them to the importance of pace.

HIS HEART FAILS HIM.

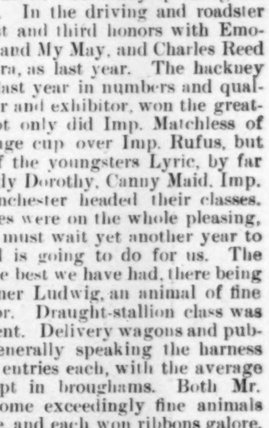
There is even more cause for criticism on the acceptance by the judges of the trotter as a roadster type. The roadster is unquestionably a type of the trotter, but he is, or at least he ought so to be demanded by the judges, bigger boned and less highly strung. The Morgan is a roadster; the hackney should be, and possibly is, though not given test enough in this country as yet, to be so classed. The need of a more distinct separation of the trotter and roadster classes is evidenced by the '94 New York show. Colonel Kip's beautiful pair, Emoleta and Mambrino Belle, as a pair, were entered in Class 9 for trotters and in Class 13 for roadsters, and secured the blue ribbon in both. If a trotter is a roadster, then there is no reason why Directum or Flying Jib or Alix is not eligible. It is clearly unwise to permit standard trotters to monopolize a class which in its rightful interpretation is probably the more in use in America than any other. The roadster properly speaking is not a trotter, with its delicate organism that requires the most careful handling. He is instead an animal with quality and substance, that does not fret himself into a lather, and will carry you along over country roads at a twelve-mile-an-hour gait, and do it for six days of the week if need be. It is deplorable that this type of animal is ignored in the class to which he belongs. Last year just such a type was shown, a gray gelding called Joshua Gregg, if my memory serves me aright, but he did not receive even so much as a Highly Commended; the trotters held the eyes of the judges. Joshua Gregg was not entered this year, nor was there any other of the real roadster type. The Association, before next year, should keep the trotters in their own breeding and driving classes, and make an effort to encourage the American roadster by giving him a chance in his own class.

When these divisions of saddle and harness, carriage and high steppers, trotters and roadsters, have been made, the next thing for the Association to do is to make a scale of points for the judges in each class. By preserving as a record the agreed markings of the judges, the Association could, if it so chose, aid many an earnest breeder in bringing up his stock to the standard. It is only by such intelligent and united action that we shall elevate the standard of the American horse. The Association has done much for us in the past, but it can do a great deal more in the future. It is strong enough now to act, and may be assured of the support of all horsemen and sportsmen. By far the best thing it has done in two years was the decision reached this year to publish all horses pronounced unsound by its veterinary in the judging ring. If the Directors will now turn their attention to the better distinction of classes, we shall not run the risk of having our New York show, of which we wish to be proud, become provincial. The management of the show that closed last Saturday was the best of any year, the ring particularly being handled without a particle of confusion, and kept in the best of condition. The classes came in promptly. By-the-way, are there to be had no American buglers that can blow a real bugle, in place of the cornet-a-piston (which is not horsy nor coachy) he of the leathers and "her Majesty's own" toots in the ring? Whoever has heard the melody of "taps" blown on a bugle is made mournful by the finger imitation of the cornet.

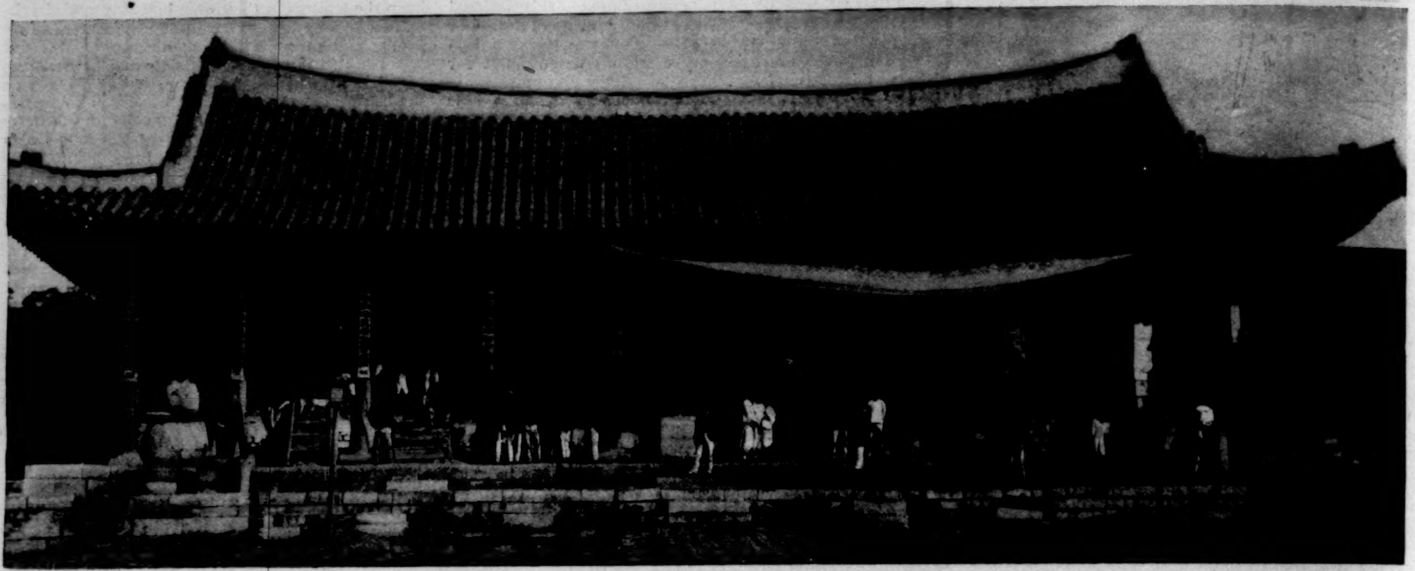
A PRIVATE VIEW.

The thoroughbred class of the '94 show was a great improvement over that of '93. Mr. Howland's Imp. King Galop is a grand animal of royal breeding, and deserved the blue ribbon; and both the Madison Stable's Devotee and Mr. W. A. Wadsworth's Imp. Devil-to-Pay are sires of rare quality.

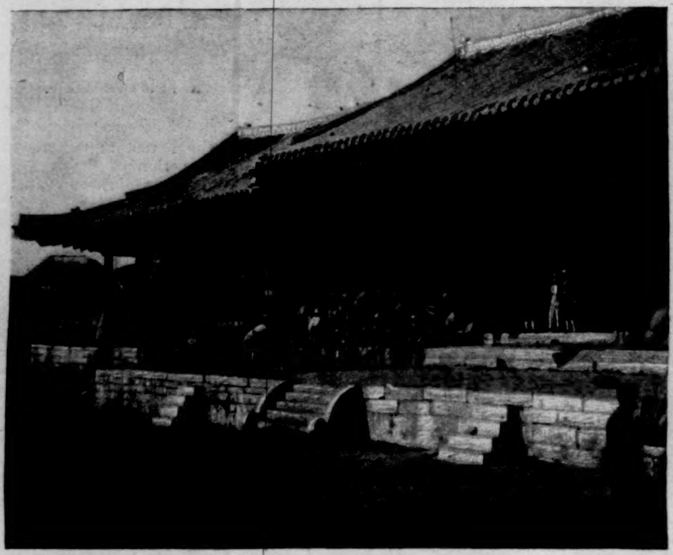
The main interest in the breeding classes of the trotters was the contest between Stamboul and Chimes, which developed some curious judging. Chimes won in the herd class, but lost to Stamboul in the kept-for-service class. A three-year-old son of the former and the same-aged daughter of the latter won in their classes. Generally speaking the trotter youngsters were fair. In the driving and roadster classes Colonel Kip took first and third honors with Emoleta, Mambrino Belle, Mona, and My May, and Charles Reed second with Enfino and Clara, as last year. The hackney classes filled even ahead of last year in numbers and quality, and Mr. Webb, as breeder and exhibitor, won the greatest number of ribbons. Not only did Imp. Matchless of Londesboro win the challenge cup over Imp. Rufus, but sired the most winners. Of the youngsters Lyric, by far the best of all, Typhoon, Lady Dorothy, Canny Maid, Imp. Contented, Banquo, and Manchester headed their classes. The half-bred hackney classes were on the whole pleasing, though not striking, and we must wait yet another year to see what this hackney breed is going to do for us. The coaching-stallion class was the best we have had, there being eleven shown, with the winner Ludwig, an animal of fine action and majestic demeanor. Draught-stallion class was only fair: needs encouragement. Delivery wagons and public hansoms, both good. Generally speaking the harness classes showed a few superb entries each, with the average higher than last year, except in broughams. Both Mr. Beard and Mr. Bates had some exceedingly fine animals entered, the latter many more, and each won ribbons galore. One would have to hunt far and carefully to beat Devil's Deputy, Sensation, Monarch, Cæsar, Avondale, Lady Gay, Magpie, Gladys, Buckingham, Hurlingham, Rockingham, Superba, Hiatoga, Cadet, Cardinal, Commander, Contribute, which took ribbons as often as they appeared. I wish I had space to comment on them at length. The four-in-hands were fewer in numbers, but better quality than last year. Mr. Beard won twice, including park, and Mr. Webb the road, Bates being second in all three. Tandems had a few top and rest mediocre, Mr. Hamlin winning both classes with Gladys and Queen, Messrs. Beard and Hulme second. As a whole, the saddle classes were disappointing, but there were some exceptions—Topover, Acrobat, Gipsey Queen, Prima Donna, Sport, Silence, Baron, Imp. "Ad." The pony classes were the best of any year, but the hunters never showed so indifferently, chiefly because the riding was so miserable. Not over a half-dozen did well, and of those Gerina, Lady Bird, Escetic, Merry Boy, Countess, Seabreeze, Good-boy Mack, Perfection, Lady Lambton, Punch, Quadrille, Ontario, were easily the best. The first three won the champion cups in the light, middle, and heavy weight classes.



THE BISHOP.

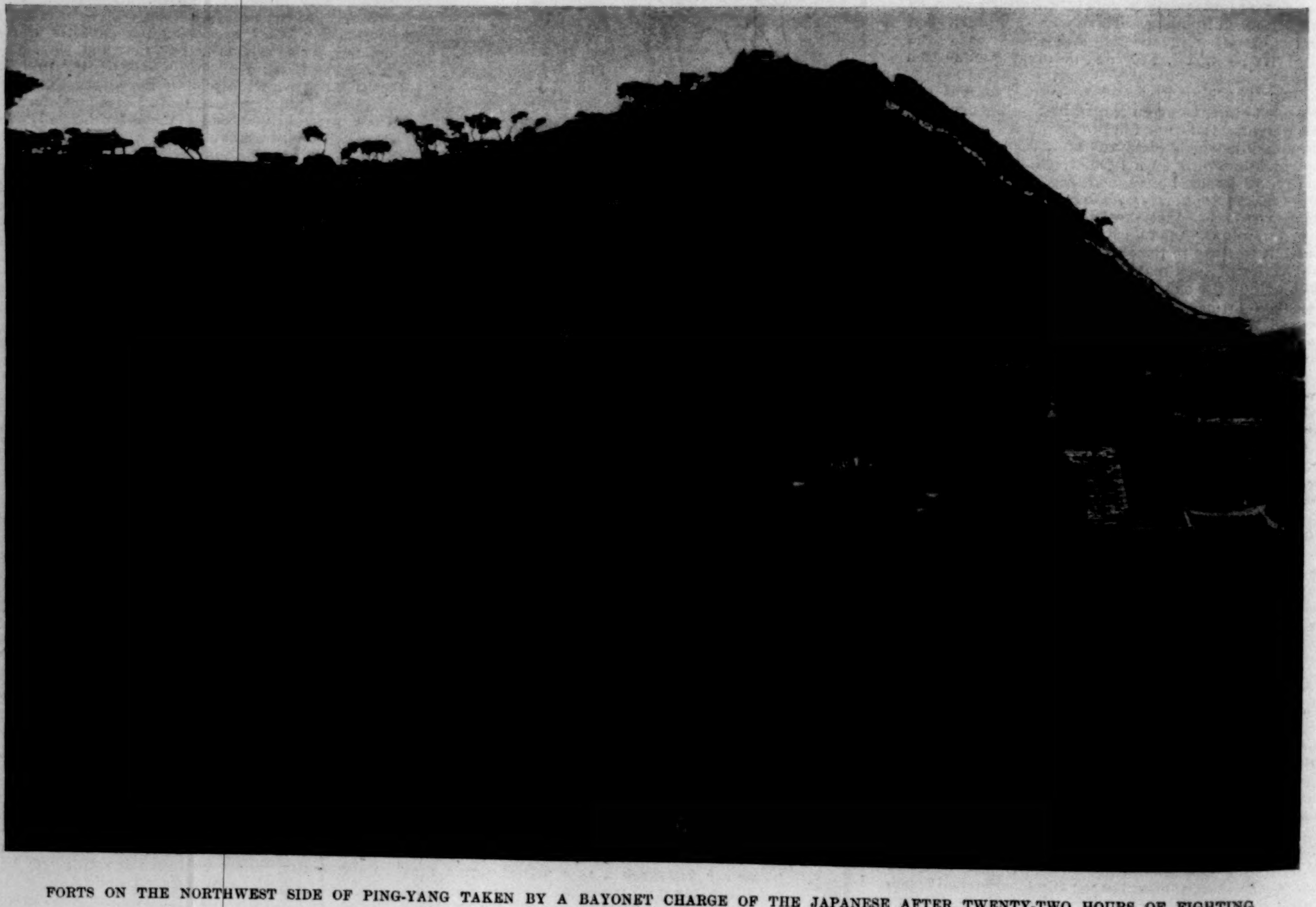


HEADQUARTERS OF THE JAPANESE ARMY IN PING-YANG.



THE COMMISSARY AND SUPPLY DEPOT OF THE JAPANESE ARMY IN PING-YANG.

JAPANESE RED CROSS SURGEONS OPERATING ON THE CHINESE WOUNDED AT PING-YANG.

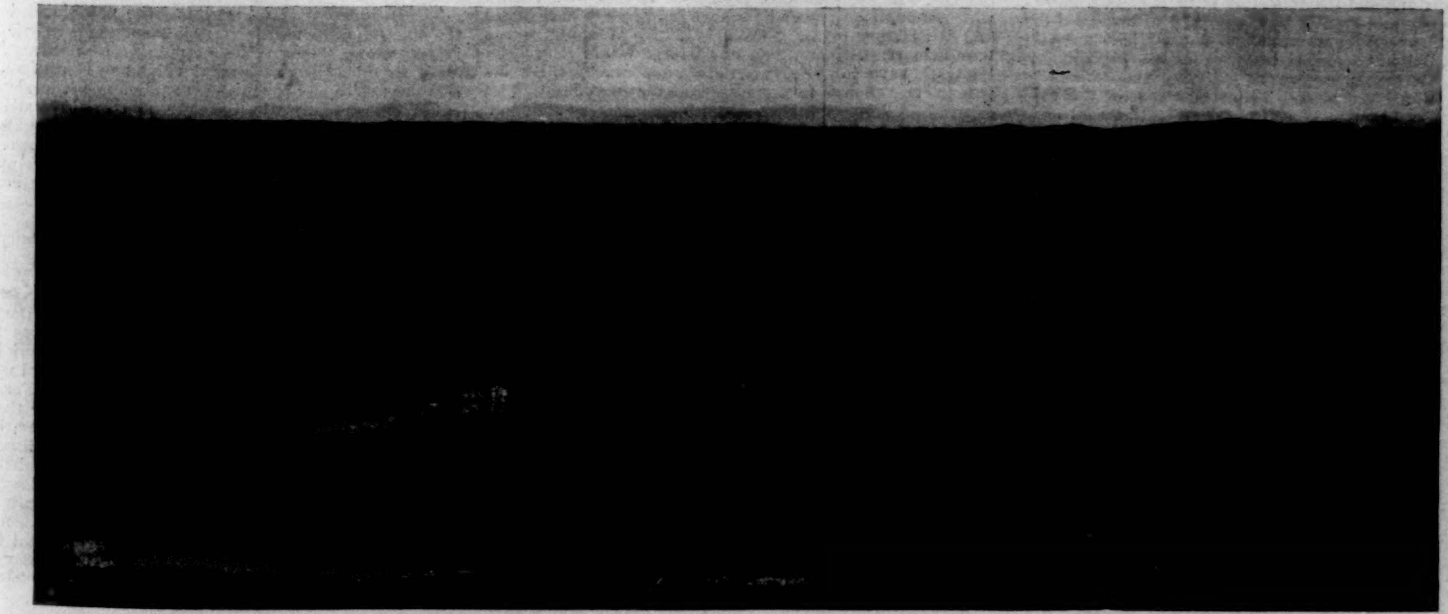


FORTS ON THE NORTHWEST SIDE OF PING-YANG TAKEN BY A BAYONET CHARGE OF THE JAPANESE AFTER TWENTY-TWO HOURS OF FIGHTING.

THE WAR IN ASIA.—[See Page 1119.]

OUTSKIRTS OF PING-YANG—THE RESULT OF JAPANESE ARTILLERY FIRE.

CHINESE PRISONERS AT PING-YANG, SHOWING FIVE OF LI HUNG CHANG'S OFFICERS ON THE BALCONY.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE GROUP OF CHINESE FORTS ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF PING-YANG.

THE WAR IN ASIA.—[See Page 1119.]

FOOT-BALL

AS IT WAS PLAYED IN ANCIENT TIMES.

Oswald. I'll not be struck, my lord.
Kent. Nor tripped neither; you base foot-ball player.
[*Tripping up his heels.*
—*King Lear, Act I., Scene IV.*

THE Greeks played Foot-ball, according to the *National Encyclopædia*, and so did the Romans; the latter using their hands as well as their feet. The game is supposed to have entered England with Cæsar, although, according to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the first distinct mention of it was made in the twelfth century, when William Fitzstephen, in his *History of London*, wrote of the young men of the city going out on certain festivals to play Foot-ball after dinner.

In the London Guildhall *Liber Memorandorum* is a paragraph, in Latin, which Mr. Arthur W. Hogg has translated as follows: "And because of the great noise in the city by some players of large Foot Balls, thrown in the meadows of the people, from which evils might arise, which God forbid: We command and forbid on behalf of the King, under pain of imprisonment, such game to be used in the city for the future." This was dated April 13, 1314, in the reign of Edward II.

An act of the Parliament of James I. of Scotland, about 1424, contains the following: "It is a statute, and the King forbiddis that na man play at the fute-ball under the paine of fiftie schillings, to be raised to the Lord of the land als oft as he be tainted, or to the Scheriffe of the land or his Ministers, gif the Lordes will not punish sik trespassours." Dr. Doran explains that this curious enactment was made because of the game of Foot-ball having infringed upon the more useful practice of archery. Even so early as the reign of Edward III., A.D. 1349, that monarch, he says, was compelled to send a letter of complaint upon this subject to the sheriffs of London, declaring that the skill in shooting with arrows was almost totally laid aside for the purpose of useless and unlawful games, one of which was Foot-ball.

Sir Thomas Elyot, in *The Gouernour*, 1557, speaks of "Foote-Balle, wherein is nothyng but beastelye fury and extreme violence, whereof procedeth hurte, and consequently rancour and malice doe remayne with them that be wounded, wherefore it is to be put in perpetual silence."

Master Philip Stubbes, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1583, was peculiarly bitter in his denunciation of the game. It is not possible to quote him in full, but he said, among other things: "For as concerning Foot-Ball playing I protest unto you it may rather be called a freendly kinde of fight than a play or recreation; a bloody and murthering practise than a felowly sporte or pastime. For dooth not every one lye in waight for his Adversarie, seeking to overthrow him and to picke him on his nose, though it be uppon hard stones.... So that by this meanes, sometimes their necks are broken, sometime their backs; sometime their legs, sometime their armes; sometimes one part thrust out of joynt, sometimes another; sometimes the noses gush out with blood, sometimes their eyes start out....They have the sleight to meet one betwixt two, to dashe him against the hart with their elbows, to hit him under the short ribbes with their griped fists, and with their knees to catch upon the hip, and to pick him on his neck, with a hundred such murthering devices; and hereof groweth envie, malice, rancour, cholor, hatred, displeasure, enmitie, and what not els; and sometime fighting, brawling, contention, quarrel picking, murther, homicide, and great effusion of blood, as experience dayly teacheth."

It may be remarked in passing that Master Philip Stubbes was *not* a reporter for the *Evening Post*.

There are two distinct references to Foot-ball in the Middlesex County Records in the time of Elizabeth. The first shows the finding of a true bill against certain persons named, and against other unknown malefactors to the number of a hundred, who "assembled themselves together unlawfully and played a certain game called Foot-Ball, by reason of which unlawful game there arose amongst them a great affray, likely to result in homicides and serious accidents." The second is an account of "a Coroner's *Inquisition-post-mortem* on view of the body of Roger Luforde there lying dead." It shows that Nicolas Martyn and Richard Turvey were, on a certain afternoon, playing with other persons at Foot-ball, when the said Roger Luforde and a certain Simon Maltus came to the ground....That Richard Turvey struck Roger Luforde on the fore part of his body under the breast, giving him a mortal blow and concussion, of which he died within a quarter of an hour.

The game of Foot-ball was suppressed in Manchester in 1608, because of "the great disorder it caused in the town, by which the inhabitants were greatly wronged and charged with the making and the amending of their glass windows, broken yearly and spoiled by a company of lewd and disordered persons using that unlawful exercise of playing with Foot-Ball in the streets, breaking many men's windows and glasses at their pleasure, and other great enormities."

James I. of England and VI. of Scotland, in the rules drawn up by his own hand for the recreation of Henry, Prince of Wales, made the following remarks: "From this court I debarre all rough and violent exercises, as Foot-Ball, meeter for laming than making able the users thereof; but the exercises I would have you to use, although moderately, not making a craft of them, are running, leaping, wrestling, fencing, dancing, and playing at the caitch, or tennise, archerie, palle-malle, and such like other fair and pleasant field games."

The unfortunate Henry did not long survive the paternal solicitude, and Charles I. reigned in his stead, changing for a time the whole course of history, and giving the captain of a rival and a short-haired team a chance to play Foot-ball with the king's own head.

James Howell, in his *Familiar Letters*, 1645, gives an account of a serious accident, in the reign of James I. and VI., which befell Lord Sunderland and some of his servants, against a body of country folk, during a game of Foot-ball.

There is a proverb in the town of Scone, in the county of Perth, that "All is fair in the Ball of Scone." Sir Frederick Eden in his *Statistical Account of Scotland* supposes that the game of Foot-ball had its origin in that kingdom in the days of chivalry, when, it is said,—date not given—that an Italian who went into that county challenged all the parishes in the neighborhood of Scone to a Foot ball match, under a penalty should they decline. This they all did decline but Scone, and Scone, accepting the "dare," beat the foreigner at his own game, and took possession not only of the medal, but of the game itself.

A writer at the end of the last century thus describes the play at Scone: "He who at any time got the ball into his hands ran with it till overtaken by one of the opposite party, and then, if he could shake himself loose from those on the opposite side who seized him, he ran on; if not, he threw the ball from him, unless it was wrested from him by the other party; but no party was allowed to *kick* it. The object of the married men was to 'hang' it—that is, to put it three times into a small hole on the moor, which was their 'dool,' or limit, on the one hand; that of the bachelors was to 'drown' it, or dip it, three times in a deep place in the river, the limit on the other. The party who could effect either of these objects won the game. If neither won, the ball was cut into equal parts at sunset." It would seem that the opposing sides were composed of Benedicts and Bachelors. The writer closes with the stereotyped remark, "In the course of the play there was usually some violence between the parties."

Robert Chambers writes: "Another old popular custom in Scotland, on Candlemass Day [February 2d], was to hold a Foot-Ball match, the east end of a town against the west, the unmarried men against the married, or one parish against another. 'The Candlemass Ba',' as it was called, brought the whole community out in a state of high excitement. On one occasion, not long ago, when the sport took place in Jedburgh, the contending parties, after a struggle of two hours in the streets, transferred the contention to the bed of the river Jed, and there fought it out amidst a scene of fearful splash and dabblement, to the infinite amusement of the multitude looking on from the bridge."

Among later-day examples of the survival of this amusement we read in the London *Daily News*, February 11, 1880, that the old wild game of Foot-ball was played on Shrove-Tuesday in the streets, and by all the population of the town of Dorking, in Surrey; and in *Notes and Queries* for March 12, 1881, we are told that the ancient custom of playing at Foot-ball in the public streets was observed at Nuneaton (in Warwickshire) on the afternoon of March 1st. During the morning, the writer says, a number of laborers canvassed the town for subscriptions, and between one and two o'clock the ball was started, hundreds of roughs assembling and kicking it through the streets. The police attempted to stop the game, he adds, but were somewhat roughly handled.

The thousands of enthusiasts, from all parts of the country, who are to assemble next week at Springfield to give thanks for Foot-ball, will, perhaps, be interested in the reading of all this, and will not be at all surprised to learn that in the month of November, 1575, more than three centuries ago, a certain wedding was postponed in Warwickshire because the bridegroom was "lame of a legge that was broken at Foote Ball."

Thus does history repeat itself at the end of many years!

LAURENCE HUTTON.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE violent revival of interest in Napoleon suggests that the day will come presently when it will occur to some magazine editor or other observing person to organize a literary resurrection of General George Washington. Washington has by no means been forgotten in this country. Indeed, he is called to mind every year on his birthday, when his career and character are the subject of editorial articles in numbers of newspapers. But in that part of the country which has developed in the last ninety years he is by no means so conspicuously before the public as in the older cities and States that knew him personally and were honored by his presence. In these older localities his effigies abound and his dignified figure is familiar, but west of the Hudson Washington monuments are scarce, and the Father of his Country is by no means as familiar to the eye as Lincoln, Grant, and other heroes of the civil war. A Washington revival will be welcome and salutary whenever it comes, and if it brings a new crop of monuments with it, so much the better. Meanwhile it is interesting to note that a controversy has lately been raging at great length in the London *Times* about Washington's pedigree. There is no doubt that he derived from the Washingtons of Sulgrave, and came of an English family "never powerful or distinguished, but undoubtedly ancient." The *Times* says that the Herald's Visitations came to an end in England in the first quarter of the seventeenth century, while few parish registers are older than the reign of James II., and that it is in the period between the two systems of records (a period of emigrations and much disquiet) that it is difficult to trace the Washington line. It seems to have been done at last with results which, though not especially interesting, seem to be accurate and satisfactory to the genealogists. No Washington has been discovered from whom our George would have been likely to have inherited his uncommon qualities, but his title is clear enough to any advantage that may inure to an ascertained derivation from English ancestors, who, though not noblemen, were gentlemen, and whose sole title to fame rests upon the distinction of their descendant.

Mr. Ruskin is so catholic in his disapprovals that it will surprise none to find him on record as a condemner of the horse. Persons who got a surfeit of horse last week, and are in a humor to hear that fashionable quadruped abused, may look up a little book of *Letters to a College Friend*, published in England last year, wherein they will find Mr. Ruskin saying:

> "I don't agree with your note (never acknowledged) in its eulogium on horses. I can't endure them: they are the curse of England, and make horses of half our gentlemen. They are very good sort of things for devil-may-care, simoomy blackguards of Ishmaelites to make friends of—or steaks of—as the case may require; but for civilized creatures like us to risk our necks and brains upon, too bad.... Horses indeed! They are not even useful on paper. A cow is good for something; a stag, a crow, a sheep, a goat, a goose, anything but a horse, will do people good when they get into a scrape in composition; but anything equestrian is ruin. Don't talk to me about horses."

Every one who reads contemporary poetry knows of Louise Imogen Guiney as a writer of verse. Miss Guiney is the postmistress at Auburndale in Massachusetts. Her appointment was given her partly in recognition of her devoted patronage of the United States mails, and partly because she makes good verses. But it seems that there is trouble in her office, and that the business of it has shrunk to an extent that has seriously curtailed Miss Guiney's salary. Two reasons are given for the shrinkage. Word comes from various sources through the newspapers that the hitch has a religious basis, and that because Miss Guiney is a Roman Catholic the A.P.A. people in Auburndale won't buy stamps of her. The other story is that Miss Guiney keeps two big dogs, and that some of the Auburndale people are afraid to go within stamp-buying distance of the office.

Both of these stories seem inadequate, but particularly the latter one. That Miss Guiney should keep dogs that drive away trade is incredible. She is quoted as saying that if her dogs were Congregational dogs there would be no trouble, and one can believe that a couple of really nice dogs of good principles who would lick stamps for customers would be a convenience about a country post-office. On the other hand, it is difficult to believe that a postmistress who was acceptable in other respects could be boycotted in a Massachusetts village because of her religion.

Miss Guiney's friends are trying to help her office by sending her orders for stamps. If she is the victim of a religious persecution they do well. It is hard to believe that she is, but not quite so hard as to believe the other story.

It is related, and seems to be true, that Mr. Freeman, after spending a good part of his life in disparagement of Mr. Froude, without doing him any particular harm, did finally, by his death, do him a serious damage. Mr. Froude, it will be remembered, succeeded Mr. Freeman as Regius Professor of History at Oxford. The professorship came to him at an age when his strength was no longer equal to its labors, but because the offer of it was in a way a vindication of his histories against Mr. Freeman's attacks he could not persuade himself to decline it. So he took it and enjoyed his vindication; but the labors of the place are thought to have hastened his death—a result that Mr. Freeman would doubtless have deplored as much as any one.

People who have read the books of W. H. Mallock, and wondered, when they finished them, what were their author's own beliefs, may get some light upon Mr. Mallock's political views from the fact that he has taken to the lecture field in defence of the House of Lords. He will attempt, the new paper says, to educate the public on the relations between labor, capital, and property, and as he will go out in the pay of the Conservatives, the presumption is that he believes in the usefulness of the Lords in keeping those relations right.

One of the irrepressible regrets over the recent election is that it should not have been Governor Altgeld's time to be out when the storm struck Illinois. To have a political landslide and still have an Altgeld left in office seems a sad misapplication of energy. Sad to say, he not only remains, but his stormy mouth is as tempestuous as ever, and of course he attributes the result in Illinois to Mr. Cleveland's interference with rioters in Chicago. Waite is gone, but Altgeld still waves.

The American people are long-suffering, and will endure many evils without much complaint, but they will not stand postage-stamps that will not stick. A large lot of ill-printed stamps with a defective outfit of gum were unloaded on the country just before election, and probably had their share in heaping up the Republican majorities. Their trail can be followed through the country by the letters of execration sent by buyers to their local newspapers. If Uncle Sam proposes to keep on making his own stamps he must do better work.

You can tell a Boston letter nowadays as far off as you can see it. The straight parallel lines of the letter-stamping machines were not æsthetic enough for Boston, and the Boston post-office now scores the features of Washington with waving lines ending in a bunch of stars, the effect of the whole being partly maritime, partly patriotic, and considerably crazy.

Mr. Du Maurier seems to have chosen wisely when he brought *Trilby* out in an American magazine. The book, to be sure, finds a multitude of friends in England, but still is not so popular there as it is here, and some of the reviews of it have been spiteful enough to be exceptionally entertaining. Of these, that of the *Pall Mall Gazette* is the most striking, the reviewer of that journal showing himself to be such a master of vituperative diction as to imperil the laurels of the executioner of the *Saturday Review*. To this artist *Trilby's* three Englishmen are "British prigs cut in pasteboard," and their biographer is denied even the poor ability to express himself in grammatical English. It is strange what books some men will write, but not so strange, after all, as the comments that some reviewers will find to make about them.

The Boston *Transcript* attributes the new slouch hats of the Massachusetts militia to the influence of Frederic Remington, whose "long series of pictures of regulars in the West has filled the public mind with a new type of soldier—a rather rakish and roughish person in appearance, but well equipped, altogether businesslike, and quite formidable." The *Transcript* approves of the hat, and says that what its wearers lose in jauntiness they gain in manly grace. Mr. Remington deserves to make his mark on the contemporary soldier. No one takes fighting-men more to his heart, or glories more in the soldier trade than he does.

Theodore R. Davis, who died at his home at Asbury Park on November 10th, was best known for the work he did thirty years ago as a war correspondent of HARPER'S WEEKLY. The illustrative art was at that time by no means what it has since grown to be, but such as it was Mr. Davis followed with great energy and success. He was barely twenty-one when the war broke out, but in the work he undertook his youth was rather in his favor. Armed with his pencil, he saw hard service in many campaigns. For a time he was on the staff of General Logan, and during the siege of Vicksburg he was appointed a military engineer; but his chief work was done as a war correspondent and illustrator, and he is said to have declined a colonel's commission because of his preference for his special work. Many of the most important pictures in the four war volumes of the WEEKLY are his, and another well-known specimen of his handiwork is a dinner service which he designed for the White House. He was twice wounded in the war, and it was largely for the benefit of his health that he settled fourteen years ago at Asbury. He is remembered by his old comrades as a man of buoyant and sunny temperament, and a spirit that was proof against all the fatigues and disappointments of campaigning.

E. S. MARTIN.

THE HOMESTEAD WELL.

BY WALLACE BRUCE.

Again beside the Homestead Well,
And moss-grown bucket 'neath the trees,
With trickling drops that, beadlike, tell
My prayers unto the passing breeze;
I hear them pattering one by one
In purling music as of old,
When blithely rose the morning sun
And sprinkled hill and dale with gold.

I gaze upon the threshold there,
The doorway that my mother knew—
A happy group of faces fair
Refills the frame of antique hue;
The sloping roof seems nearer now,
Endeared by dreams that reached the skies;
Fond memories gather as I bow
And greet the past with moistened eyes.

The meadow walk is still the same;
Familiar flowers befringe the path;
They seem to speak my sister's name
In childhood's golden after-math;
The gray rail fence has been replaced,
But in the picture that I see
The coloring is not effaced—
It all remains the same to me.

Again the orchard ladders lean
Against the trees of long ago,
While eager hands the fruitage glean—
Bright "gillyflowers" of ruddy glow,
Round "rattle-apples," plump and red,
To which I listened when a boy—
Ah, even then was sweetness wed
To beauty in a fleeting joy.

Yon quiet lane where once I strayed
Invites me to the wooded crest,
Through fields and meadows where I played
With nature as a welcome guest;
I see the open bars again
Near which the flock was wont to sleep,
And years roll back as up the glen
I hear the scurrying of the sheep.

Ah, far-off pictures! gazing still
Into the magic mirror here,
I dream of mead and rippling rill,
Yet find the Homestead Well most dear;
Its swinging bucket fondly glows,
A swaying pendulum of light,
A happy horologe that throws
No shadow on its dial bright.

But wider visions meet my gaze—
I trace the glorious Hudson now,
Her lofty crags and crystal bays,
Whose beauty crowns Columbia's brow;
I muse beside the Northern lakes
Where braided streams in music flow—
Again o'er far Sierra breaks
The morn to tint her peaks of snow.

I dwell amid Edina's towers,
And wander down the banks of Ayr,
By winding Avon gather flowers,
Westminster's proudest trophies share;
I tread old Haarlem's stately halls,
And float upon the Zuyder Zee—
Along the Rhine, whose ivied walls
And vine-clad hills breathe liberty.

O wayside wanderer, yonder sky,
Reflected here in mirror true,
No rival knows, though far and nigh
Thy feet have brushed the morning dew;
But something in this liquid light
Recalls those dear Parisian days,
Riviera's noontide clear and white,
Mentóne's cliff and sunlit bays.

Sweet Naples, terraced to the sky,
Milano's poem hung in air,
Ravenna's gates that time defy,
Verona dear and Florence fair;
Proud Venice, holding once the key
Of commerce as it journeyed west,
The "swanlike" city of the sea,
Asleep upon a tideless breast.

Como! of mountain lakes the queen!
Lucerne the king! Behold them now!
I see her crown of emerald green,
The glacier diamonds on his brow!

Geneva! guardian of the brave,
Where exiled freedom found a home;
And there above the Cæsar's grave
In glory still—eternal Rome.

How wide the circle sweeps away
From this fond centre of the heart,
From meadows green to cities gray,
From waving fields to crowded mart!
Like weary doves our thoughts return
Again unto the homestead ark;
Across the wastes our spirits yearn
Ere twilight slips into the dark.

Dear Homestead Well, thy mirror fair,
Deep-set within its stony frame,
Reflects the joy, illumes the care,
The weary steps by which we came:
The mountain trails that seemed so steep
No mortal foot might find its way,
Where faith and lofty genius keep
Their star-lit journey to the day.

O far-off, tranquil, peaceful days,
Ere life becomes a hurrying stream,
While yet the gentle brooklet plays
And to the pebbles sings its dream!
These later scenes cannot replace
The pictures that I know full well,
And in my inmost heart I trace
What youth and love alone can tell.

O colors born of morning dew
That canvas never yet has seen!
No other skies are half so blue,
No other meadows half so green.
I hold and keep in memory dear
The days and dreams that would not stay;
The summer days then seemed a year,
And now the years seem but a day.

So here, entranced in gentle spell,
I wait again with trusting heart
To let the magic mirror tell
The story that it would impart;
For not alone in retrospect,
But faithful yet to loving eye,
Its crystal waters still reflect
The sunlight of a cloudless sky.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN IN POLITICS.

BY ELEONORA KINNICUTT.

THE activity recently displayed by public-spirited women of New York in the campaign against Tammany misrule, following closely, as it did, upon the rejection by the Constitutional Convention of the Woman-Suffrage Amendment, has given striking proof of the ability of women to rise above narrow and personal views of a situation, and to throw themselves with earnestness and good-will into a cause not directly their own. The Woman's Municipal League has pointed the way in which women, although not armed with the ballot, may become an effective force for good in public affairs. Without claiming for them all that a Tammany leader conceded when he said "The women beat us this time," it will readily be admitted that women did indeed impart to the campaign a peculiar inspiration, and did secure many votes to the cause of good government which might, through neglect or indifference, have been lost, thus rendering a valuable service by availing themselves of such opportunities as were within their reach.

In the light of present-day facts a dispassionate word on the question of woman-suffrage may perhaps find a gracious hearing on both sides. Many of the women who opposed the introduction of the suffrage differed from those who advocated it both in premises and in conclusions. In the heat of debate they frequently misunderstood and misjudged each other, because they were arguing from different standpoints. The one took the side of abstract right, the other of concrete reasons. The one likened the present condition of women to slavery, the other called the proposed condition enslavement. But upon two points most women were agreed: that the politics of the country, as managed solely by men, offer a wide field for experiment and improvement; and that whatever share in the affairs of the state women ask to have given to them, they are united in the desire not to sacrifice to it the duties that are distinctively feminine.

These two points should form a sufficient basis for reapproachment, and for the effacement of whatever is bitter in party differences.

Among the literary productions of the campaign, Dr. Mary Putnam-Jacobi's *Common-Sense applied to Woman-Suffrage* is, on her side of the question, certainly the most important. The book will continue to be read with interest and profit; and by women with a recognition of Dr. Putnam-Jacobi's life-long labors in behalf of their sex. Its pages are so crowded with historic illustrations, philosophic thought, and positive statement that it would take an arsenal of argument to discuss its opinions in detail. There is one point, however—and it is the main point of divergence between the advocates and opponents of woman-suffrage—that this able treatise leaves unanswered. This is the point of unrestricted suffrage. Dr. Putnam-Jacobi repeatedly refers to the injustice of granting to the "negro, the Pole, the Italian, the Irishman," a right denied to the American woman—"the woman in whose veins runs the blood of the colonists who founded our country"—but she omits to mention the negro, the Italian, the Irish woman at their side, and to tell us how the American woman by her vote is to prevail against them.

Universal man-suffrage is here to stay. We cannot do away with the evils that accompany it; we must, therefore, try to overcome them, rejoicing all the while that the great experiment is being made in a country where the chances are in favor of success. And what better way is there to make this success apparent and permanent than by the intelligent and public-spirited women of the country, by means of their good judgment and watchfulness, helping the intelligent and public-spirited men to hold their own against the strength of mere numbers, a task daily increasing in difficulty.

If the vote of the present day were to be doubled by opening the sluice-gates to all women, we could directly divide it into four parts—the educated men and the educated women; the ignorant men and the ignorant women (the word ignorant to represent the perverse as well as the unlettered). Why are we not distinctly better off—looking at the question still from a numerical standpoint, and never forgetting for a moment that our government is, as Dr. Putnam-Jacobi clearly emphasizes, a government by *public opinion*—if, by uniting the vote and the influence of the two higher groups, we make the hard struggle not a struggle of two against two, but of two against one?

The suffragists have asserted that women will not take part in public affairs unless they be rewarded with the franchise. This statement the women of New York have contradicted by their action during the recent political campaign, as have many other women through disinterested impersonal work in different directions. What they do need, before in numbers they become the political helpmates of men, is the conviction that they can learn to be helpful, and that their help is needed in the body politic. This they have never been taught seriously. And when they study to find out how they can best make themselves useful, they will discover that it is only by a mastery of hard dry facts, and by the onward propelling power of disinterested effort, that men in politics attain the best results.

The so-called "coaxing" and "wheedling" power of women, supposed to be in such force and favor among men, is an overestimated power. Men can usually be coaxed into giving away only that which they themselves do not value. The occasion of a first conference between two of opposite sex may be marked by grace and graciousness, but after that a woman must depend, as do men among men, upon the merits of her cause and the practical knowledge and good sense that she is able to bring to its support. Almost every woman who interests herself in public affairs, and has had experience with officers of government and men of private influence, will corroborate this statement. She will gladly confess, too, that the longer she works the more she learns that her own best strength lies in the strength of the object she has at heart. She will win or fail, too, just in proportion to her ability and the single-mindedness of purpose with which she keeps this object in view. Here is an instance in point, quoted from a woman's letter to a woman:

"At the time of the Central Park Speedway Bill I wrote to the only man of my acquaintance who had been influential in the passage of the bill, and asked him to come to see me. He paid me an afternoon visit, and I used all the power of persuasion at my command to convince him that he had done wrong, and that the driveway so planned would destroy the beauty of the west side of the park. My talk had absolutely no effect upon him; he laughed at me, and assured me that the outcry against the bill was hysterical and absurd. After he had gone it came over me suddenly that I had no real knowledge of what I had been talking about; I, too, had only taken up the general cry of the newspapers. I set immediately to work, obtained a map of the park and of the proposed changes, studied and marked them carefully, and on the following Saturday afternoon, when the park was especially crowded with children, I marched my unrepentant friend from the lower to the upper end, pointing out to him step by step the harm which his pet scheme would cause. By the time we had reached the limit of our walk he frankly confessed—being, like most men, not of evil intent—that he was horrified at the destruction proposed. He directly withdrew his support from the movement; and the subject—to my everlasting credit be it recorded—was never again mentioned between us."

This incident illustrates the power that invariably lies, irrespective of sex, in knowing what one is talking about. The writer of the letter quoted failed when she did not know, and won easily when she did. It might be suggested by some that a vote on her part would have helped settle the matter more effectually than a walk; but, as events proved, there was already enough vote in the question. What was needed was more *voice*.

Many opponents of woman-suffrage agree with the other side, that the question of sex as a physical disability has entered too largely into the discussions of this subject. If women can work as hard as they do at almost every employment in life from factory loom to circus trapeze, the argument of feminine weakness, as applied to the mere duty of depositing votes, seems more obstructionary than forcible. As to what the subtle and secondary influences upon sex would be—not the action so much as the reaction—nobody can foretell. Probably the one side underestimates and the other overstates them. It is certainly the most bitter point of disagreement between the two, and the one where the conservative hold is the stronger, for it is here that not only does the head argue but the heart cling.

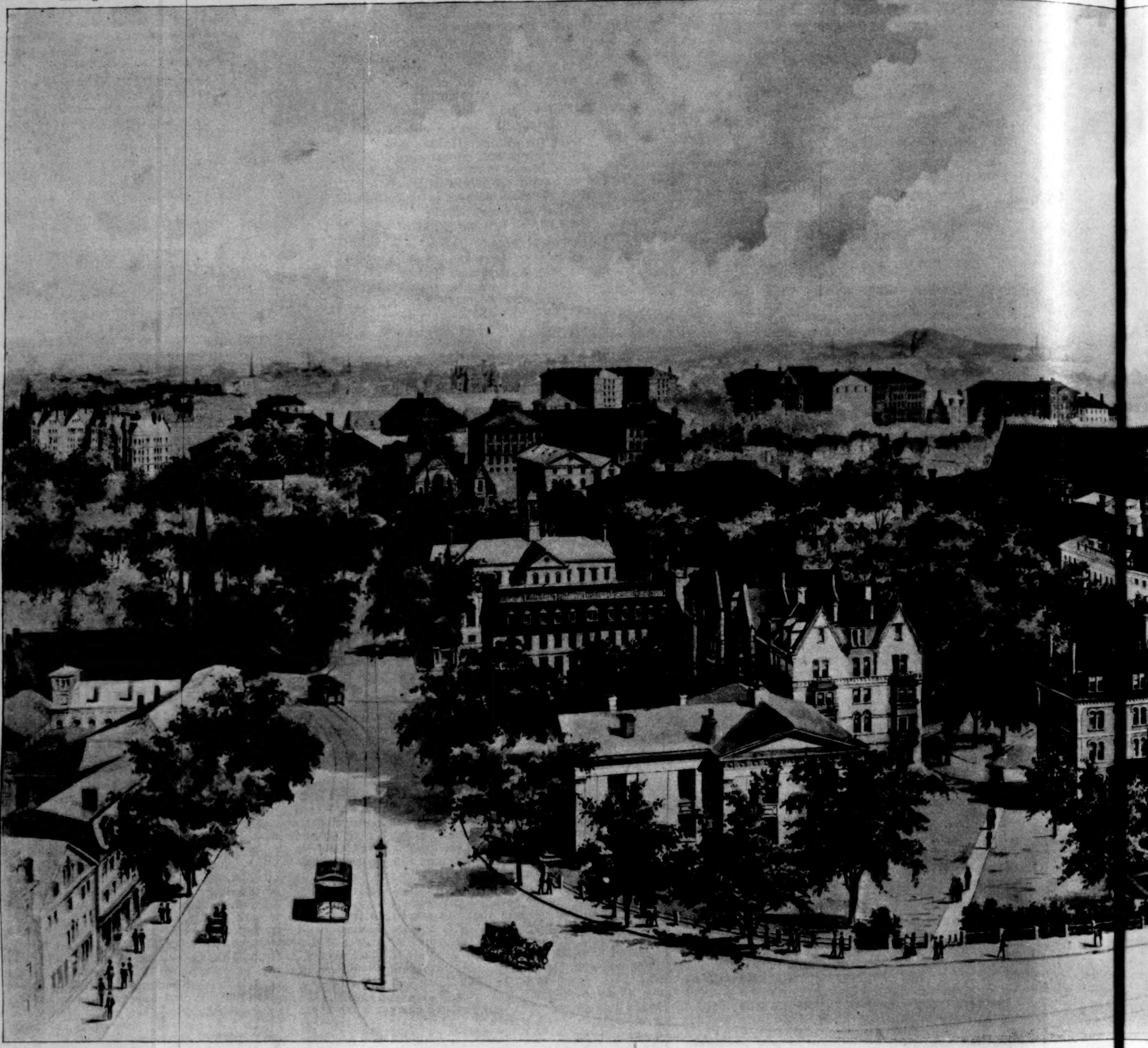
The question of what services women could render to the state in return for the full privileges of citizenship remains undetermined. There is silence on this point if on no other. Men give military and jury service; the fact that all men are not able to do this does not constitute a denial of the duty. Many women when told that the state has need of a certain proportion of soldiers to voters dismiss the remark lightly. But surely they all must have observed during the recent days of excitement and military rule at Chicago that there are times in the history of every country, and they may arise at any moment, when government, if it be government in fact as well as in figure, must measure its strength in the plane of physical force.

Dr. Putnam-Jacobi says that women if given the franchise should perform jury duty. Many will agree with her in this, not because they see in the proposition any economic application of forces, nor because of any clear notion how the plan could be carried out practically and pleasantly, but from sheer unwillingness to accept all and give nothing in return. The burden of jury duty would fall principally upon the women whose occupations, paid and unpaid, are connected with house and home keeping, for the reason that these constitute the larger number, and their physique is not, as a rule, taxed so heavily as that of the bread-winning women outside. And here, aside from the question of strength and fitness, we touch upon a point of deep significance. When the state summons a man to the courts it says to him, "Drop your business and serve me; your highest duty is your civic duty." To the woman, after having excluded the long list of "excused," it would be obliged to say, "Leave your domestic affairs and attend to me; the state has the right to summon you peremptorily from your home." This right, by fixing arbitrarily, for uncertain periods of time, the woman's absence from home, would establish the principle that personal duties may at any moment become secondary in a woman's life, and, if put with effect, would clog many a wheel in domestic machinery. The daily round of a woman's duties, household or personal, is often treated as unimportant, for the reason that, taken singly, the duties usually are small. But everybody knows how much of the well-being, the comfort, and the good temper of life depends upon trifles. "Madam," said a philosopher recently, in answer to a young woman's impatient plea for a wider sphere and for more poetry and less prose in every-day life, "I am an old man, and experience has taught me that there is much opportunity, and much poetry too, in the word comfort." This word has many applications.

There are reasons against women serving on mixed juries, in the trial of promiscuous cases, which a mere reading of the court and police reports in any daily newspaper will best make evident. Jury duty for women, viewed from this point, changes from a practical into a social and ethical question.

Americans—perhaps better say the people of a republic—are peculiarly suspicious of men in the community who show willingness to step to the front in public affairs. These men are branded by the do-nothings as "ambitious," and their motives are easily discredited. Do American women fail to see the great advantage that for this reason they possess over men, and are they willing to throw it impatiently away? A woman can expend upon public affairs to-day almost as many forces—time, money, and vital energies—as can a man. She may lose a great deal by failure; she can win nothing personally by success. Herein lies the strength of her position. Disinterestedness of motive is a mighty weapon and a strong shield.

If any woman would learn what practical and direct opportunities of public usefulness lie within her grasp to-day, let her examine into the life-work of the women whose


Hastings Hall.
Law School.
Carey Building.
Hemenway Gymnasium.
Perkins Hall.
Scientific School.
Stoughton Hall.
Conant Hall.
Holworthy Hall.
Jefferson Laboratory.
Agassiz Museum.
Thayer Hall.
Un rsity.
Harvard Hall.
Hollis Hall.
Massachusetts Hall.
Matthews Hall.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY, CA BRI

names are identified with philanthropic political measures in the States of New York and Massachusetts. Many laws ameliorating the condition of the criminal and the suffering classes would hardly have been carried through to success without the zeal, the watchfulness, and the technical knowledge of the women who had their success at heart. Undoubtedly these women possess especial gifts in conceiving and shaping philanthropic measures, but the practical results of their work have been due to qualities which they hold in common with many women who to-day are waiting for the political shackles to fall before they take hold of public affairs in real earnest.

Whatever be the future history of woman-suffrage, the recent wide-spread agitation is sure to develop a greater interest on the part of all serious-purposed women in public affairs, and to awaken in them a keener sense of personal responsibility to the community at large.

The effect of the movement upon the state, it is to be hoped, will be a more frank and generous recognition of the women who possess strength, ability, and leisure to serve the public good. Without "erasing the word male" from the Constitution—startling phraseology!—the state has ample power to-day to enlarge the scope of their work. In the expenditure of the vast sums of public revenue, to which women largely contribute, there are many directions in which their watchfulness would tend to increase honesty and economy. In the management of State hospitals, asylums, and prisons women should be allowed an influential voice. Over public schools there should be the supervision of properly qualified women. In municipal matters that concern health, comfort, and cleanliness, the purifying and beautifying of waste places, the enforcement of tenement-house and poor laws, and in the regulation of the rules that govern the employment of women and children in factories and shops, the woman's hand should be felt and her special knowledge utilized. In all these directions the best qualities of mind, of heart, and of consecrated service could find ample outlet without any infringement or strain of the natural laws that govern the relation and divide the world's work between the two sexes.

May the state be induced, through enlightenment or pressure, to take these important matters into consideration and to act upon them! And may all women, be they suffragists or anti-suffragists, appreciate that the best promise for to-morrow lies always in the best use made of the opportunities of to-day!

THE MODERN ASPECT OF OUR ANCIENT UNIVERSITY.

BY PROFESSOR N. S. SHALER.

The two hundred and fifty-eight years which have elapsed since the Puritans, newly settled in the colony of Massachusetts Bay, laid the foundations of the school which has become Harvard University include the whole period of our national history. The establishment of this institution may be said to mark the first awakening in the minds of the settlers of a confidence in the future of their hazardous enterprise. The undertaking shows that these pioneers had won by the doubts which were inspired by the very difficult nature which they had to face, and were satisfied that they were strong enough to build an enduring state in the mysterious realm of the New World. Their fitness for this great work is shown by the fact that they chose the higher education as the corner-stone for their commonwealth.

The courage and self-sacrifice which led to the founding of Harvard were not momentary impulses, they were inherent in the spirit of the people. Handed on from generation to generation, these motives have served to maintain the university in a fit condition to do its appointed tasks, and to make it embody the advancing ideals of culture. Many fortunate conditions combined to give the institution a steadfast and progressive life. Its site has proved to be singularly wholesome, so that it has been spared from pestilence. Though it has incidentally suffered from the evils of war, it has never been devastated by such calamities; even the conflicts of the Revolution left its buildings unharmed. The best of its many good fortunes was that the care of its interests fell in the main to the people of the prosperous and stable community in which it is placed—a folk where many families have for successive generations maintained a combination of wealth, culture, and public spirit which has made them the effective supporters of the establishment. Thus in a way that is characteristic of no other institution in this country Harvard University has a long historic unity, and in its development follows, where it has not led, in the paths of our advancing civilization.

The swiftly succeeding and important changes which have been effected in Harvard University during the last thirty years show that it is quick to fill the needs of sound change, and trustworthy as a leader in new fields of educational work. These modern gains began with an alteration in the system by which the members of its Board of Overseers were chosen. In earlier times the selection of this impo tant board had been in the hands of the Massachusetts Legi lature, which had from time to time made various provisio concerning the matter. In 1865 the "General Court" wis ly committed the election of the overseers to the graduat of the college, with the proviso that these *alumni* shou not have the franchise until four years after graduatio This system, though resting on English precedents, was e sentially novel in this country. The effect of the chang insuring as it did a body of supervisors who reflected the i terests of the graduates in their beloved school, was imm diate and most advantageous. Stimulated and seconded b an able executive, the university entered on a path of a vance which has been followed with almost startling rapi ity to the present day. Since the close of the civil war t university has more than quadrupled its resources in t sum of its endowments and in the number of its teacher and its list of students has increased in something like t same proportion.

Some of the most conspicuous of the recent gains in t system of the university consist in the establishment of number of new professional schools, which not only ser greatly to extend the scope of its influence, but indicate t willingness of its governing boards to meet the needs of t country. Schools of agriculture and horticulture, veterina surgery, dentistry, and an arboretum have been separate founded, while in the Lawrence Scientific School, depa ments, in effect schools, of architecture, mechanical eng neering, electrical engineering, mine-engineering, etc., ha been established, each affording a special connection inten ed at once to give the student a share in the enlarging infl ences of academic culture, and to train him for profession duty. To effect this relation of the university to the mo ern educated employments, it has been necessary to institu a number of costly laboratories and museums, with their r lated libraries. This task has required the expenditure several million dollars, more money than the university po sessed a third of a century ago. The characteristic featu of the university in its present stage of growth is indicat by the development of its scientific establishments, tho which pertain to the economic application of natural scien and others which are primarily intended for purposes of r search. The laboratories of professional sciences range fro a hospital for the treatment of domestic animals to an o servatory in Peru. Among those which are of especia modern nature we may note that devoted to psycholog

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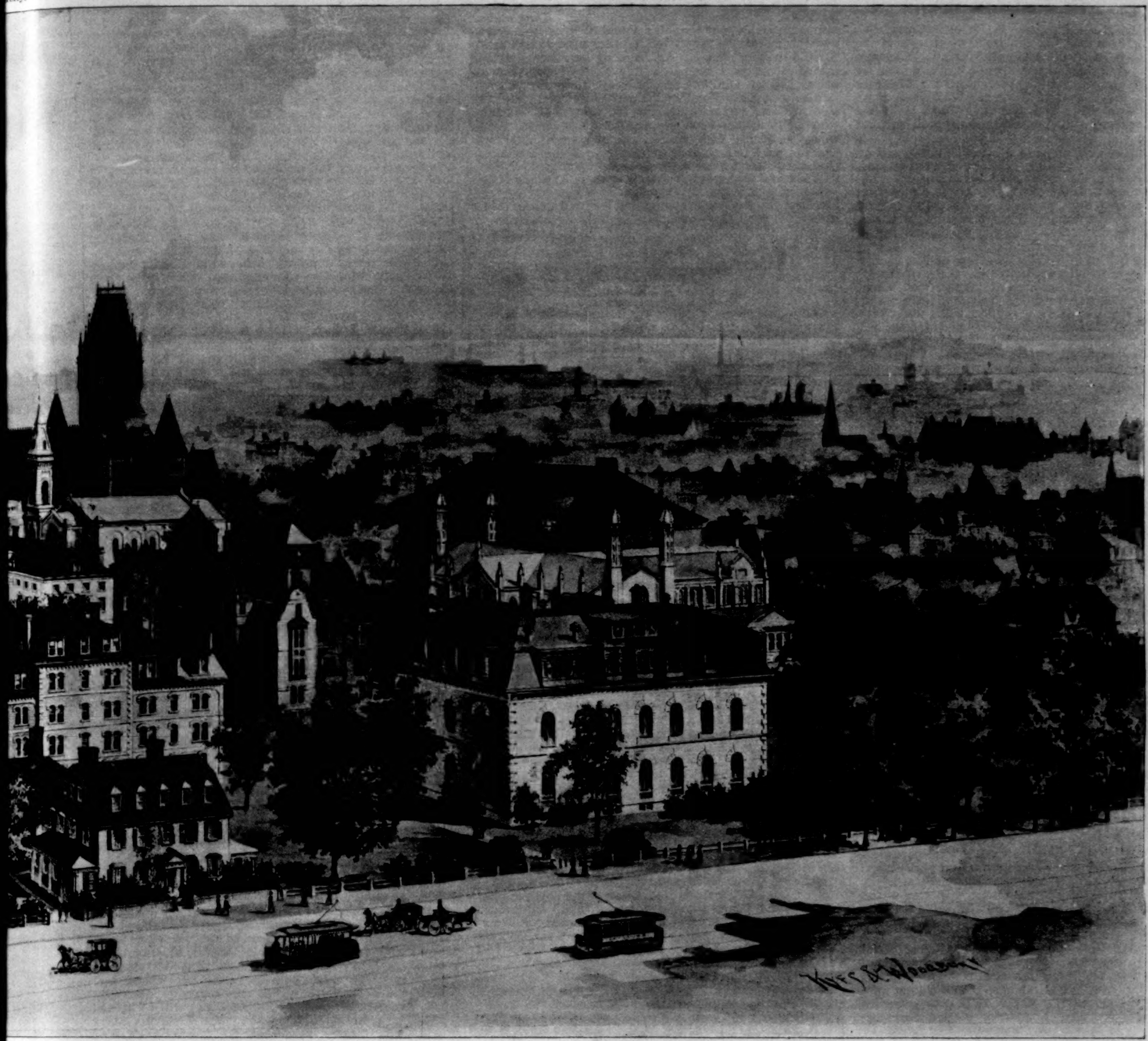

Un rsity.
Memorial Hall.
Chapel.
Old Gymnasium.
Sever Hall.
Library.
KYES & WOODBURY
Gray's Hall.
Wadsworth House.
Weld Hall.
Boylston Hall.
President's House.

BRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.—Drawn by Kyes and Woodbury.

that at the medical school which pertains to bacteriology, and that which is designed to test the values of road-building materials.

Owing to the wide range of interests with which Harvard University has to deal, it has been compelled to place several of its establishments away from its old seat in Cambridge. In and about the ancient "College Yard" there are gathered the original college, the scientific, law, and divinity schools, and also Radcliffe College, a school for women long familiarly known as the "Annex," but under its new title affiliated with the university. The medical, dental, and veterinary schools are, on account of their relations, located in Boston. The Arnold Arboretum and the Bussey School for Agriculture and Horticulture lie about six miles north of Cambridge. The main observatory and the Botanic Gardens are a mile to the northward of the Cambridge Centre, which is the focus of the university life. The libraries of the university include about 435,000 volumes, an aggregate surpassed in the country only by that of Congress and that of the Boston Public Library. These stores of books are not all gathered in one building; they are to a great extent distributed in special collections in the various schools or departments.

Although the station and influence of a university are to a certain extent determined by its material resources, its true value depends upon the teaching force, the spirit of their work, and the nature of the student life which has been developed in the institution. It may fairly be said that the gains of this immaterial yet momentous kind which have been made in Harvard University within the last thirty years outweigh in importance the additions in wealth, buildings, and collections. The first of these changes which have served to fit the university to the conditions of modern times consisted in the introduction of the elective system into the college. In the old days all the academic training of the university was on prescribed work, each student being required, as is the case in many American schools even to the present day, to pursue a fixed course, which made no provision for the development of individual tastes or capacities for the preparation which a student might desire to obtain with a view to his professional studies. Gradually, and against a storm of adverse criticism, the freedom of election has been extended, until there are no other set studies save those in writing English. The result of this alteration has been greatly to change the spirit of the undergraduate work, for by far the larger part of the students now choose their subjects and their teachers with reference to the career which they propose to adopt. They are no longer in the position of school-boys, compelled to perform tasks because their masters led them to do so; they are in the position of men looking forward to the serious duties of life.

The effect of the academic freedom, which has found a firm and enduring place in the Harvard system, has been to change greatly for the better the spirit of the undergraduate student life. The earnestness bred of interest in the foreseen lifelong labor has lessened the sportive humor which is commonly considered to be the most characteristic feature of a college-boy. The result is that by far the greater part of the thirty-four hundred students now in the university have but a scanty interest in the inter-collegiate games; the reports fill our newspapers, and serve to give the general public a most inadequate conception of university life. The principal reason for the lack of success of Harvard men in these trials of strength and skill is owing to the fact that there no longer exists in the university the social pressure which is elsewhere said to compel an able-bodied student, against his better judgment, to devote overmuch of his time to acquiring professional skill in athletics. Thus, from the point of view of the captains of the "teams," Harvard, although in catalogue members much the largest school in America, is in fact smaller than some other institutions having half the registration.

Although the competitive sports of the university are less valued than of old, and are totally neglected by at least four-fifths of the students, there is probably no other large school in the world where the individual development has, during the last decade, been so well attended to. The provisions for bodily exercise, in the way of buildings and grounds appropriated to that use, are extensive. Besides the Hemenway Gymnasium there are three other large buildings devoted to gymnastic use, as well as four fields for outdoor sport, these having in all an area of thirty-seven acres. In field and track athletics, forms of exercise in which the man does not have to devote so much time to the preparation and in which his individuality has free play, the students of this university have in great numbers attained much skill. In their annual competitions with the men from other schools they have been almost invariably successful. There seems to be little reason to doubt that this turn in the motives in physical training in Harvard is due to the change in the spirit of student life which began with the introduction of the elective system in the college. When a youth comes to behold his true goal in professional success he will, if reasonable in such matters, care for his body in order that it may serve him well. He may divert himself with his successes in leaping, running, putting the hammer, or throwing the shot, but he is likely to avoid the sacrifice of precious time which he must make to become expert to the professional point in football, baseball, or rowing. As the university is a place of freedom, he will find that his status with his mates is in no wise harmed if he shuns these time-demanding sports.

In accordance with the principle that has been established in the undergraduate life at Harvard, which is that academic study is to be used at once for culture and as a preparation for the calling which the student intends to follow, there is a constant increase in the measure of attention which is given to studies of an advanced and special character. So great has been the need of this highly differentiated instruction that the university has been compelled rapidly to increase the number of its instructors, until the list of last year included the names of three hundred and twenty-two such persons, or about one teacher to each ten students. Another evidence of the interest in professional work is to be found in the singularly rapid increase in the number of those registered in the four-year courses in applied science, in the Lawrence Scientific School, which, along with the college and the graduate school, is under the care of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences. During the past five years the number of students in this department has increased at the annual rate of more then thirty per cent., or at several times the rate of growth exhibited in any other department of the university. It is thus evident that many of the youths of this day, while seeking the spirit and opportunities of culture which can only be found in a great university, desire at the same time to provide themselves with an education which may prepare a man for the many professions that modern science has developed. It is, indeed, evident that a large part of the future life of the university is to lie in those fields where broad culture must be combined with a special training in technical science in order to make men ready for the economic work of our civilization.

The present condition of Harvard may serve to show us how well our American universities serve the societies which established them. It is clear that the men of the olden times judged well when they gave of their scanty means to found such helpers of the State.

WOMEN AT THE POLLS IN COLORADO.

Colorado has been fortunate in its experiment with equal suffrage, it is true, but the practical benefits of the suffrage have not been fully established as yet. The campaign in this year's election was against Waiteism, not for the Republican party as a political organization. The main objection was raised against Governor Waite and those whom he gathered about him, and the People's party had Waiteism to contend with as much as the opposition from without.

The Australian ballot removes the trouble occasioned by the peddling of ballots at polling-places, and the official ballot sheets, containing the names of all candidates, under appropriate headings, is in the sole possession of the election judges, who deliver them to the registered voters as they are admitted behind a railing. Thus, in a secluded booth, the voter may mark his ballot as he may see fit, and deposit it with his own hand in the ballot-box.

Never in the history of the city was there so little trouble on election day in Denver, and never was there less fraudulent voting done. The intensity of interest with which the campaign closed had aroused the people to their best efforts, and no scheme to cast a fraudulent ballot could have been carried out. Husbands with wives and daughters, and in some cases aged mothers, went in parties to the polls, as to church or to theatre, quietly and decorously. They stood in line on the pavement or on the dry earth in residence districts, often for an hour, awaiting their turn to vote, and no one was molested, shocked, or angered. Even in the roughest sections of the city, women with escorts came out to vote, and they were not disturbed. The lady in silks and seal-skins stood behind the woman in humble garb. The blacksmith or the janitor preceded the banker. Every line was a composite picture of American freemen. In the factory and railroad districts as good order prevailed as in the most refined residence districts on Capitol Hill.

The women displayed an intelligent knowledge of the ballot. The election judges found the cases rare where women asked for assistance in the preparation of their ballots, and in the count few errors were discovered. Although this year a great majority of the ballots were "straight," the scratched tickets were done with full knowledge and effect. Women, as a rule, voted faster than the men did, and made fewer errors. This was due in part to the fact that for weeks preceding the election mock elections were held in many precincts at the private residences and at party headquarters, where women assembled to be taught the routine of voting. Sample ballots, a full complement of election judges, and even challengers, were at hand, so that visitors to these mock election booths fully learned the method of procedure.

In several precincts in Denver, women acted as judges and as clerks of election. One lady sat by the ballot-box from six o'clock in the morning all through the day and night, finishing as fresh as the men at eleven the next morning. The men objected at first, but before the day had passed she had won them by her efficiency, and after their work had ended they thanked her for her presence and assistance.

As vote-getters the women rivalled the men. They were in evidence early in the day, and with lists in hand they went from house to house, getting out the voters, regardless of party affiliation. It was votes the women wanted, and especially the votes of women. In Denver a larger percentage of women voted according to the registration than men. In the roughest mountain camps the women appeared at the polls with the same confidence and with the same decorum as did the women of towns and cities. In many country districts the occasion was made one of social reunions.

The suffrage for women was made popular by the social leaders. Many women had opposed the idea of suffrage, and had said that they would not vote, but the sentiment grew during the campaign so rapidly that all classes were made to feel the importance of the duty that had been thrust upon them, and they responded at the last with alacrity and zeal. Women who had been outspoken against it, and who refused to give their names to the official canvassers who went from house to house to register the voters, were finally convinced against their prejudices, and late in the campaign they voluntarily went to the court-house in their respective counties to personally register. The question had been settled before election day.

Many husbands with views in accord with the People's party found that their wives felt differently, and each voted accordingly. Husbands voted scratched tickets, and wives voted straight.

As politicians, the women rapidly learned many tricks, and instances could be given of their success as clever schemers. The Republicans secured the best organization amongst the women, and to their stand in Denver is due the success of the county as well as the State ticket. This organization came about as a matter of evolution.

Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, of Iowa, well known in the nation for her work in temperance and in behalf of the Republican party, saw the advantage to be derived from the suffrage experiment in Colorado. As president of the Woman's Republican Association of the United States, it was her duty to secure for that political organization the influence of as many Colorado women as possible. She accordingly visited Colorado early in May. Upon her first appearance there Mrs. Foster was received by the women of Denver at a luncheon given in her honor at one of the residences on Capitol Hill. This was followed by a reception, given by the Woman's Club, where Mrs. Foster addressed the members upon civil government and the duties of citizenship. This was a non-partisan address, as in the club were ladies of all classes of political faith. The best women of the city organized for political campaign work. Mrs. Frank Hall, wife of a well-known journalist and historian, was appointed chairman of the Woman's Republican State Committee, and given full charge of the work of organizing the women of the State for political purposes. A number of women were sent out to organize clubs in every county, and a number of women speakers were developed to do campaign talking. It was by this method that the women of Colorado were induced to take up the political issues and prepare to vote.

The organization of the Republican women in Denver is a marvel even to old politicians. It is absolutely complete. No political organization was ever known in the State similar to it, and it has evidently been organized to stay. When the municipal campaign comes on next spring the Republican women of Denver will confront a problem of great magnitude. What they shall accomplish for good government remains to be seen. The leaders among the women are courageous and determined, and they are already preparing for the fray.

The followers of Populism did not shirk either. The women organized clubs known as "Industrial Legions," and began a study of political problems, and, it must be confessed, with a leaning towards socialism. They formed campaign clubs, canvassed for Populist votes, and endeavored to induce the busy wives of mechanics to take an interest in political issues. At the many mass-meetings held during the exciting campaigns women of all conditions attended in large numbers, and listened with evident interest to what was said. The People's party developed some very able platform speakers amongst the women of Colorado, whose appearance upon the platform was decorous and whose eloquence was moving. A number of these women despised the methods of Governor Waite, but in the interests of the party of their choice they stumped the State with him and for him along with the remainder of the ticket.

So far the experiment of equal suffrage here has been satisfactory, but time must be required before its value in the interests of good government will be fully demonstrated.

G. L. Stonaker.

PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF THE NEW CZAR.

In the early spring of 1892 I was in the interior of Russia, and while there received an intimation that upon my return to the capital the Czarowitz would be pleased to see me. Accordingly, when I arrived at St. Petersburg, I was notified at what hour on the day following I could present myself before his Imperial Highness. A Russian friend who brought the message gave me a few necessary hints as to the slight formalities essential to the audience, and, unaccompanied except by a courier, who was to explain in Russian to the guard that I was there by appointment, and thus make my way clear to the entrance, I was driven down the Nevsky Prospeckt towards the Anichkoff Palace, where the Czarowitz had his quarters. At one o'clock I reached the palace, and entering its gates, was admitted and shown upstairs into a sitting-room, where I had to wait some moments.

There was nothing about the Anichkoff which suggested the palatial. The room in which I waited was of ordinary size, plainly and comfortably furnished. There were no signs of great luxury either in furniture or decorations. The quarters of the son of an ordinary American millionaire would be far more princely than these, which were the living-rooms of the heir to the greatest empire on earth. On the walls were a few pictures, mostly portraits of the imperial family—not even paintings at that. There were a reading-desk, a few books, a litter of writing-paper, a couple of chairs. I seated myself beside a plain table, whereon lay in a small tray a few half-smoked cigarettes, the odor of which still lingered in the atmosphere.

It was a mild day, and one of the windows looking on the court-yard was open. Through this and the half-closed door I heard voices about the house, and children playing somewhere near. The whole place suggested the interior of the home of some happy, frugal, well-to-do, and very unostentatious Russian family. By the time I had noticed these small things, and begun to wonder how soon it would be before I should meet the young grand-duke, what he would say, and what, peradventure, I would find to answer, a soberly uniformed officer presented himself, and with a gesture and a word in Russian indicated that I was to follow him. Entering another, a smaller and even a plainer room than the one I had left across the hall, I stood alone, awaiting the entrance of his Imperial Highness.

In a few moments there came through the opposite door a trimly built young gentleman, whose boyish appearance made him seem even younger than he was, and not to exceed say one-and-twenty. He was clad in a simple gray uniform, entirely barren of ornament. He advanced and shook hands, with a frank and pleasant welcome that immediately put me at ease.

It was the year of the famine, and I had been in Russia attending to the distribution of the flour which the American millers had sent over to the peasants. On this subject his Highness addressed me, in the excellent English of which the Russian gentleman is usually master. He desired, he said, through me, to thank those who had contributed to the relief of the unfortunate, and spoke with deep feeling of what the peasants had suffered during that dreadful year. He showed genuine concern for the condition of the people; but, turning from this, the Czarowitz said that he was filled with wonder at the sympathy shown by the Americans, and while he appreciated the value of their aid, he marvelled that a nation so far removed from Russia should have been so prompt and generous in its gifts.

I ventured to remind him of the cordial relations which were almost traditional between the two countries, and in reply he said: "Yes, I fervently believe in the genuineness of the friendly feeling between Russia and America, which has long existed, and, I trust, will endure forever." The Czarowitz said this as though he meant every word he uttered, and coming from one who, in all human probability, would be the future ruler of the Russian people, the words seemed to me significant and worthy of remembrance.

After inquiring as to my opinion of the system of relief-work in the interior, and kindly expressing the hope that I found Russia congenial and pleasant and would not hasten homeward, the audience was concluded, and I withdrew. The Czarowitz impressed me as a kind-hearted, amiable, wholesome young man, well endowed both mentally and physically to cope with the arduous duties of his great position, and as one who would conscientiously endeavor to do his duty under all circumstances. His eyes were straightforward, steady, and strong, his forehead of good proportions, and his head well shaped. His figure was of medium height, but well knit and sprightly. He appeared to be in excellent health, and was clear-cut, straight-limbed, and graceful — altogether an exceedingly attractive and pleasant gentleman, not quite matured, but without the slightest trace in his face or figure of either weakness or ill health.

William C. Edgar.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON.

The world of art and literature has sustained a serious loss by the death of Philip Gilbert Hamerton, which occurred at Boulogne-sur-Seine, near Paris, on the 5th of November. He was born on September 10, 1834, at Laneside, Lancashire, and began his education at Burnley and Doncaster. Deep love for nature and a strong creative instinct carried him at once into practical production in the field of art and literature. His powerful, almost athletic physique was balanced by great intellectual culture, and he loved an out-door life among the hills if possible. Almost all his books were conceived and carried to completion away from the life of cities.

His first printed work, which appeared in *The Historic Times*, was entitled "Rome," in 1849. He also contributed at this time to *The Fortnightly* and *The Saturday Review*, enjoying the acquaintance and advice of Lewes and George Eliot. A book called *Observations on Heraldry* appeared in 1857, and soon after a volume of verse, *The Islands of Loch Awe, and Other Poems of my Youth*. This not meeting with as complete a success as its author might have desired, he turned his attention toward the graphic arts, and went to Paris to study. Here, among others, he enjoyed the friendship and advice of the landscape-painter William Wyld; and soon after, under the influence of the pre-Raphaelite school, he returned to Scotland, setting up his easel on the banks of Loch Awe. He even contemplated buying and restoring an old castle on one of its isles as a place for a permanent residence. The literary results of this open-air life appeared in that delightful book *A Painter's Camp in the Highlands*. The theories of painting set forth therein Mr. Hamerton thought best to modify somewhat, later; but the conscientious desire to record natural truth and to seize its beauties as they pass, which he here expresses, will ever be fresh and new. *Thoughts about Art* appeared in 1862, and still remains a work of great educational value both to the art student and the general public.

Returning to France, he lived first near Sens, and afterwards near Autun, a city rich in historic traditions, and surrounded by the hilly and picturesque country that always seemed a necessary environment for Mr. Hamerton. Here, through a number of years spent between books and nature, were written the greater part of his works. Notable among these stands *The Intellectual Life*, a classic in all that pertains to the higher life, both physical and moral. *Etching and Etchers* came in 1868, and won him the title of "The Apostle of Etching," which art has since become so popular. In 1869 he projected and started *The Portfolio*, which, continued through the intervening years, still holds its place as a dignified art periodical, and has been the means of bringing many noted etchers and engravers into fame and fortune.

He was an indefatigable worker, and book followed upon book as the years passed on, each gaining new friends and readers for its author among all classes, from the highest to the most humble. But few readers have failed to enjoy the strong common-sense and refined feeling for nature, art, and humanity therein expressed. Among later works which might also be cited as examples of fine book-making were *Man in Art*, which appeared in 1892, and *Drawing and Engraving*, in 1893.

Besides these numerous writings, he still found time to exercise his love for painting and etching, and has often illustrated his own books. I remember, as late as the end of September of the present year, he showed me a number of careful foliage studies, just made in the Bois de Boulogne with the utmost conscientiousness, which he intended to use in completing a large canvas of the Saône near Troyes, that stood on an easel by the side of his writing-table in the quiet study at the top of his house in the Parc des Princes. Here was painted the portrait, reproduced on page 1108, on which the writer worked from life during September. The end must have come somewhat suddenly, for in a letter received some two weeks previous he says, "I am now much better, and enjoy regular sleep....this result has been attained much sooner than the doctor promised," referring to a slight respiratory and heart trouble that had occurred some time previously.

In July, during a visit to Anvers, we passed over hill and dale, or sat talking of art, of "nature and the schools," by the quietly flowing Oise, and the sight of his strong tall figure and fresh-colored complexion gave promise of yet many summers. Again, in September, we took a long walk, with a friend, through the Bois to Suresnes, St. Cloud, and back to Boulogne, that would have tired out many a younger man; and now comes the news of his sudden end. Nature had succumbed before the energy of unceasing labor. For years he commenced work soon after five, and enjoyed little respite till evening. Mr. Hamerton never sought official honors; his greatest pleasure lay in evolving thought or seeking truth, and in imparting it to a sympathetic audience through his works. He was, however, a member of the Burlington Fine Arts Club and an honorary member of the "Royal Society of Painter-Etchers" of London, an Officier de l'Académie in France, and a D.C.L. of the University of Aberdeen.

A profound thinker, an accomplished and genial writer, he has had a powerful influence on the art thought of our time, and his loss will be deeply felt by many friends and admirers on both sides of the Atlantic.

Robert J. Wickenden.

REBUILDING THE TOWN OF HINCKLEY.

The destruction of the town of Hinckley, with the attendant loss of hundreds of lives and millions of dollars' worth of property resulting therefrom, is still fresh in the minds of the public. The work of rebuilding the town has progressed with remarkable rapidity, and the task of caring for those who passed through the fire with their lives as their only possession has been prompt and effective.

This was one of the decade's, even one of the century's, most dreadful disasters, one which might well have daunted the courage of those who were left behind to pick up as best they might the death-tangled threads of life. Indeed, it must have been utterly impossible for the residents of the place unaided to have recovered from the disaster. But for the help of the State and its citizens the town must still have been the focal point in a bleak, tree-charred desert. It is instead a bustling little town with fresh pine houses springing up on its blackened streets, while all around in the dismal woods the yellow sides of snug farm-houses show through the gaunt trunks of trees, and prove that faith in the future still abides. It is beyond the power of words to describe the awful desolation of the country.

It was not an ordinary relief problem which confronted the Board of Commissioners in the administration of the funds which the people of the State generously contributed. The residents in the burned district had lost everything they had in the world—houses, barns, clothing, food, everything was swept away. Yet they were not paupers, and the commissioners had a difficult task to determine how equitably to readjust the economic conditions of the town and the district. The people must be cared for as victims of disaster, not as lazy mendicants.

Within ten hours from the time of the fire the people of Pine City, a neighboring town, had commenced the work of relief. The next morning after the fire the congregation of the Pilgrim Church, Duluth, hearing of the disaster midway in their service, cut the preaching short, and converted their fine church building into a temporary lodging-house, accommodating over a hundred of the fugitives the first night after the fire. The cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis began at once the work of raising funds and sending physicians and provisions to the scene of disaster. Other towns and cities in the State were prompt in their aid, but so complete was the destruction of property it became necessary to have a regularly organized board, which was appointed by Governor Nelson, as follows: C. A. Pillsbury, Minneapolis, chairman; Kenneth Clarke, St. Paul; Colonel C. H. Graves, Duluth; Matthew G. Norton, Winona; H. H. Hart, secretary of the State Board of Corrections and Charities, St. Paul.

As rapidly as possible a force of clerks was put to work in improvised buildings, and applications for relief were at once received, and immediate relief in the way of provisions and clothing provided. Over ninety thousand dollars was collected at once for the relief fund, and this in addition to thousands of dollars' worth of material of all kinds—provisions, clothing, and the like.

Some of those whose families had been broken up by death were sick at heart, and had no desire to begin life again at Hinckley. To this class the commission supplied strong warm clothing, gave them railroad transportation to any part of the United States to which they wished to go, and furnished them money on a schedule of from ten to twenty-five dollars per head above expenses, if it seemed necessary. It was the aim of the commission from the first not to dispense charity, but to tender to the sufferers, on behalf of the State, such assistance as man may give to man in days of need.

It was decided to at once perfect a complete system of dispensation of both material and provisions. Three months' provisions were decided upon for those who lived in the country outside the village, one month's provisions for the villagers, to be duplicated at the end of the period if the parties had not by that time become self-supporting.

The secretary of the State Board of Charities, Mr. Hart, a man of wide experience and sound judgment, was put in charge of the work, with assistants from the Associated Charities of St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Duluth, to exercise more immediate supervision over the field-work. The building of houses was begun at the earliest possible moment—as soon as the lumber could be hauled into the place, in fact. The houses are not elaborate affairs, but they are neat, warm, and strongly built. Two classes are erected—one with three good-sized rooms, light and well ventilated; and one with four or six rooms. The widows whose husbands perished in the fire were somewhat more liberally provided for, so that they may have the best possible opportunity for themselves and children.

W. S. Harwood.

THE STORY OF THE WAR IN ASIA.

BY EUSTACE B. ROGERS, U.S.N.

In no country has the military instinct so run in the best blood of the people as it has in the Japanese. Far back in the past, beyond that shadowy line where legend and history blend, their story has been one of almost continual war, and the straightest path to distinction and honor has, from the earliest times, led across the battle-field. The statesmen of Japan saw, as did Cavour, that the surest way to win the respect of nations was by success in war.

In 1873 the Formosa expedition nearly brought on war with China. In the same year "On to Korea" was the rallying cry of an insurrection in Hizen. In 1877 the Satsuma rebellion broke out because the government refused to make war on the Hermit Kingdom.

In July, 1882, Mr. Hanabusa, Japanese minister, having been driven out of Korea, re-entered its capital at the head of a regiment three weeks after his flight.

Then China awoke to some comprehension of the danger, and nine days after the triumphant Hanabusa was received by the King, 3000 Chinese troops marched into Söul. Half of these were withdrawn during the Franco-Chinese war, but the balance was still in the Korean capital in December, 1884, when Kim Ok Kiun's ill-starred revolution brought them into conflict with Japanese soldiers in the streets of Söul. War with China seemed certain, but in April, 1885, a treaty between the two countries was signed at Tientsin. It bound both powers to remove their respective forces within four months, and provided that in future neither should send troops to Korea without timely notice to the other, and that such troops should be withdrawn when the necessity for their presence should cease.

China did not seem to appreciate the grave importance of these events. Japan, with finer discernment, began then the preparations for a war with her big neighbor, which she foresaw was inevitable.

Early in this year a revolt, caused by official oppression, broke out in a southern Korean province. The resources of the authorities proved inadequate to quell the uprising, and, according to its habit, the weak government turned to China for aid. It was sent with suspicious readiness, and perfunctory notice was given Japan, which, it is claimed, was not served until the troops were actually on their way. Japan immediately informed China that she too would send an armed force. This she did with a promptness that is said to have astonished the government at Peking.

On June 5th the military authorities at Hirosima were ordered to prepare the expedition. The work was done thoroughly, and a brigade composed of infantry, artillery, cavalry, engineers, and commissariat, with a contingent of nurses, clerks, and artificers, in all about 5000 men, left in a very short time for Korea. China then had 3000 troops at Asan, forty miles south of Söul.

To Japan's proposition for joint action in forcing a reform in the Korean government China gave a negative reply, and insisted upon the removal of the Japanese force, and finally demanded the evacuation of Korea by July 20th. Japan replied that "she would accede to the demand of China in substance if the latter would promise to enter into a treaty negotiation with Japan for the satisfactory settlement of the Korean affair, but that pending an amicable settlement she would consider an advance of China's fleet an act of war."

In the mean time China hurried forward re-enforcements. On July 25th the *Naniwa* sank the chartered transport *Kow-shing*, off the island of Phung-do, in Prince Jerome Gulf. Four days later the Japanese army defeated with heavy loss the Chinese force at Song-hwan, occupied Asan on July 30th, and on August 1st Japan declared war.

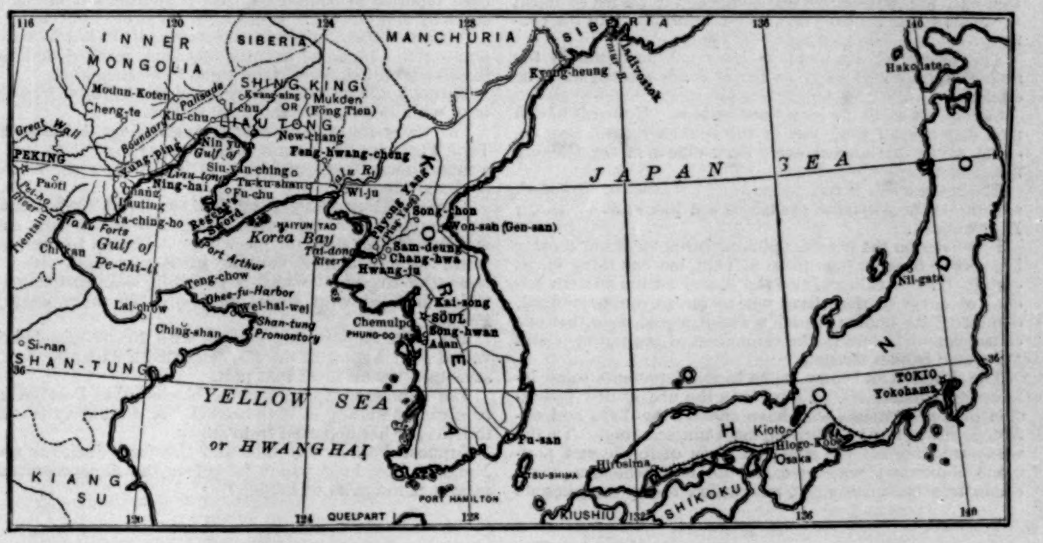
While these events were taking place China was using means to secure northern Korea. About July 10th 5400 men were landed at Taido-ko, north of Söul; 14,000 more were hurrying from Manchuria, crossing the border July 25th. These, with the fugitives from Asan, occupied Phyong Yang (Ping-Yang), which gave the Chinese an army of about 24,400.

An examination of the map will reveal the great strategical importance of this town. It is situated on the north bank of the Tai-dong River, which is navigable up to the city, and is about fifty miles from the sea. It lies on the only road to the northward by which the Japanese army can advance into Manchuria and by the land route to Peking. By means of the river, communication can be preserved with China, and operating with it as a base, an army can effectually bar any advance. The city is famous in history, and to its walls the Chinese added strength by earth-works. Its population is about 40,000, and it and the surrounding country were strongly in sympathy with the Chinese. It was plain that the first Japanese movement must be to destroy the force there intrenched.

Japan then had in Söul about 17,000 men, commanded by Lieutenant-General Nodzu. Two-thirds of these started on their northward march on August 7th, and the remainder just one week later. The country through which they marched is exceedingly rough, and unfitted for military movements. The roads are few, narrow, and badly kept. Wheeled vehicles are practically unknown, almost all inland transportation is performed by porters, which necessitated an army of men who carried on their backs the impedimenta of the Japanese force. The number of these has been stated at 8000. In a hostile country of limited resources, with 25,000 men to feed, a line of communications to be kept open, with an unprotected flank on the right, it is not at all surprising that the average advance was only six miles daily. The distance from Söul to Phyong Yang is about 125 miles.

To re-enforce this army, and to guard against an attack on the right flank, 8000 men, under Major-General Sato, were sent by sea from Japan to Gen-san (Won-san), a port on the east coast, almost abreast of Phyong Yang. This force commenced its march towards the enemy about September 1st. The distance to be travelled is about 100 miles, and the road similar to that from Söul. This army moved northwestward from Gen-san, and on September 13th its advance-guard captured Song-chon, thirty-five miles from Phyong Yang, which was held by a greatly superior force of Chinese.

In the mean time the Söul force, with two weeks' start, was advancing too rapidly towards the Chinese position, and its progress was so retarded that its union with the Gen-san force could be effected. On August 20th the Söul division occupied Kai-song, thirty-five miles north of the Korean capital. There it was formed into three columns.



MAP OF THE SCENE OF JAPANESE OPERATIONS ON SEA AND LAND.

The left marched to Hwang-ju, which it occupied September 6th. The right advanced and captured Sam-deung, sixteen miles south of Phyong Yang, on September 11th; and the centre, moving about due north, took possession of Chang-hwa, twenty-three miles from the enemy's position, on September 8th, after a severe fight with some 2200 Chinese, who were driven back in confusion on their main force. The left, under General Nodzu, crossed the Tai-dong on the 11th, and moved rapidly along its north bank and towards the enemy. On the 13th, the centre, under Major-General Tatsumi, followed, and took a position northeast of Phyong Yang; the right, under Major-General Oshima, established itself southeast of the town. The Gen-san column came in from the north to cut off the Chinese retreat. Orders were given for a general attack on September 15th.

At daybreak Oshima's division opened the battle with artillery on the three forts located near the river, and held by 5000 Chinese. The fight here lasted until three in the afternoon, when the Chinese fled. By two the Chang-hwa column (the centre) had taken all the forts on the east of Phyong Yang. The other two divisions attacked the city from their respective positions. At four o'clock the white flag was raised on the walls, and the Chinese general promised to surrender at sunrise next day. General Nodzu, commander-in-chief of the army (Count Yamagata was not present at all during the battle) consented, on this understanding, to a cessation of hostilities. At 8 P.M. the whole Chinese army made a sortie, but were driven back by the Japanese left flank, and at the same time the Chinese cavalry was thrown against Sato's division. The slaughter was great, but most of the Chinese managed to escape.

The victorious Japanese entered the city the next morning, and the sight is described as appalling. The streets were littered with the dead bodies of Chinese, Koreans, oxen, and horses. Many of the houses were in ruins or with doors and windows battered in by Chinese or native marauders. Such of the inhabitants as had not gone when the Chinese took possession of the city had fled before the Japanese. The only living things remaining were a few miserable dogs and squealing pigs. The governor's palace, in the centre of the city, lately the enemy's headquarters, was occupied for a similar purpose by General Nodzu. In the reception-hall was found the head of a Japanese officer, wounded the day before, and captured by the Chinese. Dirt and filth prevailed everywhere. The 700 prisoners taken in the city were as wild-looking barbarians as could be seen anywhere. They were well treated by their captors, but did not seem to be reassured thereby, expecting every moment death and mutilation according to their own customs. In the forts about the city were found the heads of about twenty-five Japanese prisoners.

The reverse of this picture is pleasanter to look upon. The Chinese wounded, about two hundred in all, were placed in the hospitals, side by side with the Japanese, and received the same treatment. An eye-witness has written with enthusiasm concerning the admirable equipment of these hospitals, of the devotion of the Japanese surgeons, and of the excellence of the ambulance corps and field hospitals. The amputations and extracting of bullets were done with skill and dexterity. The apparatus, medicines, and instruments were of the latest kind. Everywhere could be seen the Red Cross ambulances on their errands of mercy. In all these things, which so essentially mitigate the horrors of war, the Chinese were absolutely deficient.

The spoils captured by the Japanese consisted of thirty-four pieces of modern artillery, many Winchester and Martini rifles, with a large supply of ammunition, innumerable battle-flags of all sorts, shapes, and colors, about $250,000 in treasure, and enough rice to feed the victors for a fortnight.

The city and forts were strewn with quantities of matchlocks, modern rifles, lances, spears, bows, arrows, old swords, and rattan shields—such were the weapons with which China armed the first force she put in the field. What must the rest be?

Mixed with this odd lot of arms were the blue uniforms of the Chinese and many queues cut from Chinese heads. As soon as John Chinaman realized his defeat, and that the terrible man from Japan was coming, he immediately cut off his hair and donned the white clothing of the Koreans, hoping in the confusion to pass for a native.

The losses of the two armies will probably never be known. The Japanese have reported theirs as 192 killed and 487 wounded, and the Chinese loss is put at about 2000 killed and wounded and 700 prisoners. The later reports do not seem to contain any confirmation of the earlier stories, which put the number of Chinese prisoners at from 10,000 to 14,000. On September 25th Field-Marshal Count Yamagata arrived and took command.

On September 14th five transports carrying re-enforcements for Korea left Taku, China. They were convoyed by six cruisers and some torpedo-boats. Off Port Arthur they were joined by the large vessels of the Chinese navy, and the whole squadron arrived off the Tatung inlet, into which the Yalu River empties, on the very day of the rout of Phyong Yang. The troop-ships, accompanied by two of the smaller Chinese war-vessels, entered the river to land their men, the balance of the fleet remaining at anchor about twelve miles off the coast.

About noon, September 17th, black smoke to the southward showed the approach of the Japanese fleet. As yet we have had only the press despatches to guide us in judging this famous fight, and the only complete account of it (and that meagre and unscientific in its details) comes from a Chinese source. On the next page is a list of the vessels reported to have been engaged.

On sighting the enemy, the Chinese fleet weighed anchor, and in a wedge-shaped formation steamed out to meet the Japanese, who approached in single column.

Firing commenced at about 4300 yards, but the shots on both sides fell short. A Tientsin despatch states that "the Chinese endeavored to come to close quarters, but were prevented from accomplishing their purpose by the superior speed of the Japanese ships, which, keeping for the most part two miles off, manœuvred admirably, and made splendid practice with the long-range quick-firing guns."

The superiority of the Japanese fleet in rapid-fire guns is shown in the accompanying tables, forty-five of all calibres to fourteen of 4.72 inches possessed by the Chinese. The secondary batteries are not included in these numbers.

The Japanese ships, possessing higher speed and manœuvring powers, circled about the enemy, coming in closer when engaging the smaller vessels, and increasing the radius when they came within the range of the heavy guns of the Chinese battle-ships.

The *Chih Yuen* was the first to leave the line. She made a desperate charge against the Japanese, and sunk between the lines. She is said to have been struck 200 times, "mostly by machine-guns" (rapid-fire?). The *King Yuen* rushed to her relief, and went down—sunk by a torpedo the Chinese say, by shot the Japanese claim. The *Yang Wai*, according to accounts, got aground, and was rammed and sunk by the *Tsi Yuen*, which her cowardly captain was taking out of action. The *Chao Yung* caught fire and was beached. The *Kuang Ki* went ashore north of Port Arthur, when her commander was fleeing from the scene of the action, and was lost.

In the *Chen Yuen* and *Ting Yuen* the Chinese would seem, if previous theories are correct, to have had vessels of such preponderance of armament and armor as to have given them the victory. Yet the Central News despatch from Shanghai states that the former of these vessels had "120 shot-holes in her sides," and that her sister ship leaked so badly as to be "three feet down by the head." These ships were frequently on fire. The superstructures of the former were almost completely destroyed. It is said that only

CHINA.

	Displacement (Tons).	Protection.	Armament.	Speed.	Built (Year).
Chen Yuen, Ting Yuen.	7430	8 to 14 in. side, 12-in. barbette.	2 12-in.; 2 5.9-in.; 8 m.	15 knots.	1883.
King Yuen, Lai Yuen.	2900	5¼ to 9½ in.	2 8.3-in.; 2 5.9-in.; 7 m.	16 "	1888.
Ching Yuen, Chih Yuen.	2300	Protected.	3 8.3 in.; 2 6-in.; 8 6-p'd'r; 2 3-p'd'r; 8 m.	18½ "	1887.
Ping Yuen	2355	15-in. barbette.	2 8.3-in.; 1 5.9 in.; 8 m.	17½ "	1884.
Tsi Yuen	2355	Protected.	2 8.3-in.; 1 5.9-in.; 9 m.	15 "	1883.
Yang Wai, Chao Yung.	1350	Protected.	2 8-in.; 4 4.7-in. r. f.; 7 m.	16 "	1881.
Kuang Ki, Kuang Ting.	1030	Partially protected.	3 4.7-in. r. f.; 7 m.	16½ "	1891.
Two others.					
Four torpedo-boats.					

JAPAN.

	Displacement (Tons).	Protection.	Armament.	Speed.	Built (Year).
Matsushima, Ikutsushima, Hashidate.	4277	12-in. turret.	1 12.8-in.; 11 5-in. r. f.; 11 m.	17½ knots.	1890
Yoshino	4150	Protected.	4 6-in.; 8 4.7-in.; 22 3-pounders; all r. f.	23.03 "	1892
Fuso	3718	Belt, 7 in.; battery, 9 in.	4 9.45-in.; 2 6.7-in.; 5 m.	13 "	1877
Naniwa, Takachiho.	3650	Protected.	2 10-in.; 6 5.9-in.; 2 6-pounders, r. f.; 10 m.	18 "	1886
Akitsushima	3150	Protected.	1 12.6-in.; 12 4.7-in., r. f.; 6 m.	19 "	1892
Chiyoda	2450	4½ in.	10 4.72-in.; 14 1.9-in.; all r. f.; 3 m.	19 "	1889
Hiyei	2200	4½ in.	3 6.7-in.; 6 5.9-in.; 4 m.	13 "	1878
Akagi	615	Gunboat.	1 9.45-in.; 1 5.9-in.; 2 m.	13 "	1888
Saikio-Maru, a merchant vessel—chartered.					

R. F., rapid-fire guns. M., machine-guns.

TABLE SHOWING COMPARATIVE STRENGTH OF VESSELS ENGAGED IN BATTLE OF YALU.

three guns in the entire Chinese fleet were put out of action. The military-top of the *Ting Yuen* was struck by a heavy projectile, and the seven men in it instantly killed. The *Lai Yuen* was very heavily pounded, and barely made port. It would seem, however, that the vitals of these three ships, which apparently bore the brunt of the battle, were uninjured.

Concerning the true condition of the Japanese after the battle we are still in the dark. Despatches from Tokio admit that the flag-ship *Matsushima* was so badly punished as to compel her withdrawal from action, and injuries to the *Akagi* and *Hiyei* are confessed. It is claimed, however, that only the *Matsushima* was compelled to return to Japan for repairs, and we have no Chinese information to the contrary.

The torpedo-boats seem to have cut no figure in the action, and the reasons given therefor are too vague to be quoted.

Statements as to the losses are various. Upwards of 600 men and officers were lost in the sunken ships. One account avers that almost every deck officer in the Chinese fleet was killed or wounded.

The *Matsushima* is said to have had 120 killed or wounded, and the entire Japanese casualties are placed at 67 killed, 197 wounded.

It is too soon yet to form opinions based upon our meagre knowledge of what took place at Yalu, but one thing seems certain, that machinery, electricity, and all the modern science of naval warfare have not, as far as can be judged, eliminated the human equation, and it would seem that one of the potent factors in the estimation of sea-power is still "the man behind the gun."

The situation as it now seems to stand presents some interesting possibilities. Korea is in the undisputed possession of the Japanese, who have crossed the Yalu and defeated, but not yet destroyed, the Chinese army. To the westward stretches the southern plain of fertile and populous Manchuria, whence came the men who conquered China two centuries since, and which to-day supplies its best soldiers to the empire. Across the plain leads the road to Peking, 450 miles away, which crosses several rivers and goes over the Shin-a-lin Mountains, where the snow-capped peaks rise to 10,000 feet.

In these latitudes 10° below zero is in winter a common temperature. The base of a Japanese army operating in eastern Manchuria must remain on the Yalu, necessitating a long line of communications through a hostile country having few and poor roads. To the northeast of the mouth of the Yalu, and 135 miles distant, is Mukden, the ancient home of the reigning Chinese dynasty, and fabled for its riches, towards which the Japanese army has for weeks been reported to be moving. Its possession would not necessarily end the war. It has no strategical importance.

In view of these facts it would seem as if the northernmost point of the Japanese advance has been reached, and that the attack on Peking will not come from Manchuria.

To the southwest, 175 miles from the Yalu, is Port Arthur, with its all-important naval station.

The water route to Peking is guarded by the powerful Taku Forts, by the natural 13-foot bar of the Pei-ho, and in a month more fourteen inches of ice in the river will effectually close it.

North of Taku, and just south of the Great Wall, is Ning-hai (identical with or near Shan-hai Kwan), with its commodious harbor open in the winter. Thence to the westward, through a level country with only small rivers to cross (the largest of which is probably, as is customary in China, bridged with stone), and only 150 miles away, is Peking.

The cable reports that Oyama with 15,000 men has invested Port Arthur in the rear, and that a Japanese fleet of seventeen vessels is off that port.

The Chinese squadron is either blockaded in Port Arthur, or supinely waiting in Wah-hei-wei. A third army is ready to leave, or has departed from Japan.

Suppose Port Arthur falls and this force descends upon Ning-hai, how long will it be before the Japanese armies appear at the gates of Peking?

HONORING LAFAYETTE.

THE memory of General the Marquis de Lafayette was honored in Paris on October 19th by a ceremony which was a fine demonstration of that international comity between France and the United States that has remained almost unbroken since the dawn of American independence. The ardent young soldier who came unasked across the sea to draw his sword in our defence when swords and friends were so badly needed has ever been a romantic figure in American history, known to multitudes who have forgotten Rochambeau, Viomenil, Lauzon, and many another French nobleman who later brought thousands of swords and bayonets to fight for a then inglorious flag.

Lafayette is entombed at the cemetery of Picpus, Paris, where nearly three hundred French and American gentlemen and ladies assembled to witness the placing upon his tomb of an emblem or "marker" sent by the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. The agent in this act of honor was Captain Nathan Appleton, of Boston, vice-president and delegate of the Massachusetts branch of the society.

The Lafayette family was represented by M. de Sahune Lafayette, Lieutenant Paul de Sahune, M. Maurice de Pusy Lafayette, Sous-Lieutenant Gilbert de Pusy, M. Pierre de Rémusat (Deputy), the Marquise de Chambrun, Mlle. de Chambrun, M. Aldebert de Chambrun, M. Charles de Chambrun, and several other French gentlemen of distinction, some of whom are now, or have been, residents of the United States. The Americans in attendance included citizens of New York, Boston, Washington, Chicago, New Orleans, San Francisco, and other cities, many of them informally representing State branches of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, the Order of the Cincinnati, and similar patriotic organizations. The American embassy was represented by Mr. Newton Eustis and Colonel Kellogg, military attaché, and by Consul-General Morss.

Captain Appleton, speaking first in English, reminded his fellow-Americans of the services of Lafayette, and eulogized his character and beneficial influence. He pointed out the sense of indebtedness Americans must and do feel toward France, and averred that it could never be too often or too forcibly expressed. He believed that without Lafayette's assistance, and the men and money he was instrumental in bringing, the day of American independence would have been greatly deferred. Now, he said, the United States and France were the two greatest republics in the world, and hand and hand were the pioneers of the progress and the hope of generations yet unborn.

Captain Appleton then addressed in French to M. de Sahune Lafayette and his relatives and friends the message sent by his society with their gift, and assured them that in doing so he conveyed the thanks and homage of the American nation, in acknowledgment of the valor and friendship of their ancestor.

In replying, M. de Sahune Lafayette expressed the gratitude of the family and the appreciation of his nation, and said that this ceremony would bind the closer the memories of the great Lafayette and the immortal Washington, which had always been so honorably linked together.

How many of those who joined in this graceful tribute recalled the fact that somewhere in another cemetery of Paris there lies buried in a forgotten grave the body of John Paul Jones, an American hero whose fame is growing brighter as time advances. He died in Paris, neglected, poor, and almost friendless. Few knew of his demise, and still fewer followed his hearse on that rainy day, one hundred and two years ago, when his remains were consigned, with little or no public recognition of his rank or services, to the soil of a foreign land. No one can wonder at the honorable recollection of Lafayette by a society of the descendants of the men who fought by his side; but is there not somewhere a patriotic group of American men and women thoughtful enough to try to find that other grave in far-away France?

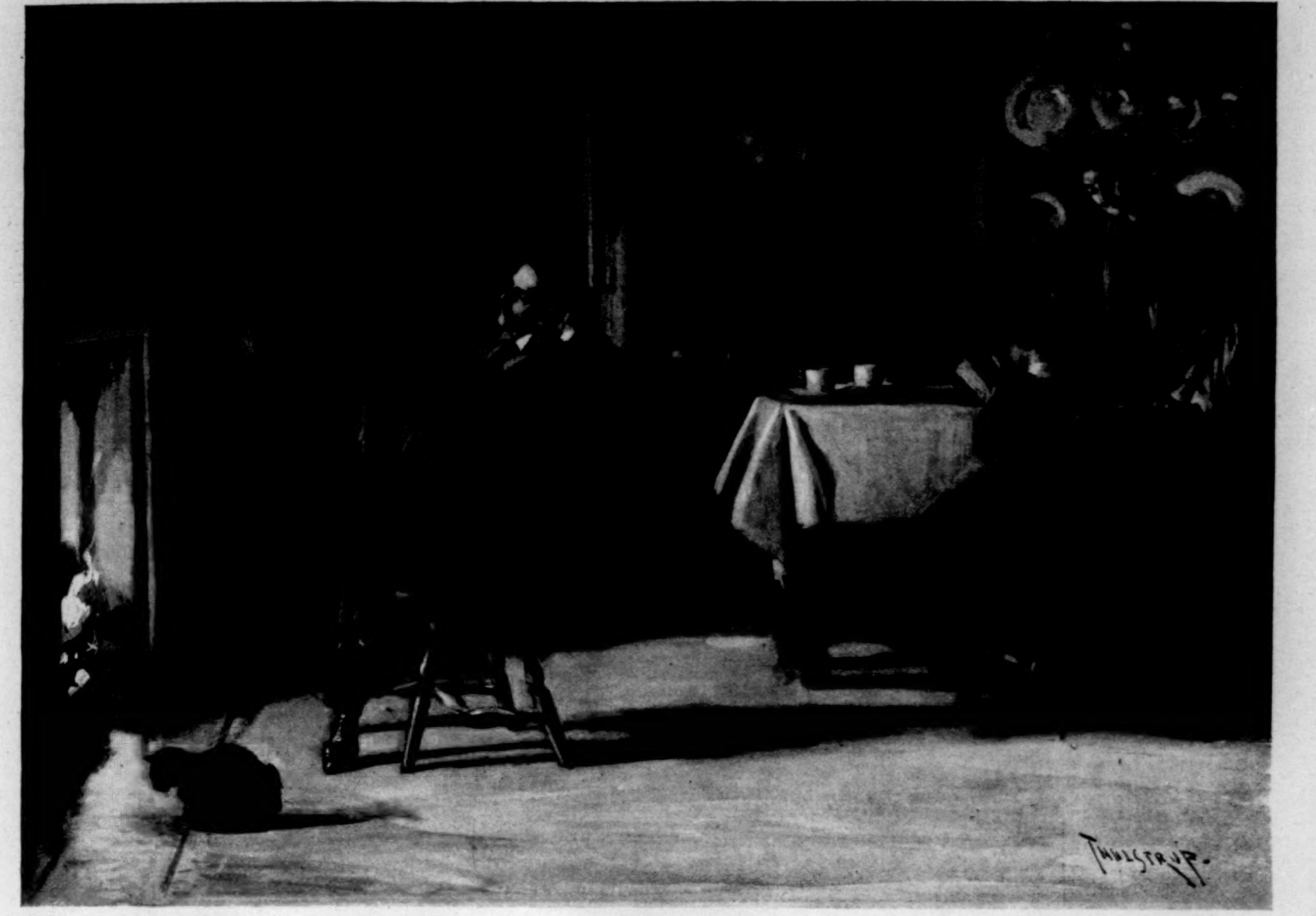
THE ONLY BRICK BUILDING (A HOTEL) IN HINCKLEY, WITH THE ONLY CHURCH.
Photograph taken from a Point near the Gravel-pit where so many Lives were Saved.

HEADQUARTERS HOUSE FOR DISTRIBUTION OF PROVISIONS AND SUPPLIES.
Burned Section shows to the Right.

THE UNFINISHED STATION OF THE ST. PAUL AND DULUTH ROAD.

INTERIOR OF THE LODGING-HOUSE FOR THE MEN WHO ARE HOMELESS.

REBUILDING HINCKLEY—THE TOWN THAT WAS ENTIRELY DESTROYED BY THE GREAT CONFLAGRATION OF SEPTEMBER 1st IN THE PINE WOODS OF MINNESOTA.—[SEE PAGE 1118.]



THE MASTER.*

BY I. ZANGWILL.

CHAPTER XXVI.—(*Continued.*)

THE MASTER.

HE descended to the court-yard and dropped the letter into the box. Then he sat outside on his balcony and watched the great gleaming boulevards as they woke to the new day.

He was too early at the station, and the train tarried. The porters leisurely wheeled in the luggage. Sleepy passengers straggled up, armed with gayly illustrated papers broad with Gallic buffoonery.

Oh, the agony of that last quarter of an hour, when Paris beckoned him with its finger of morning sunlight, when Art cried to him from a thousand happy ateliers, calling him to come back and be happy in the great work he felt he had been about to do at last; when Love shone like a purple haze veiling the world in poetic dream, and sang to him like an angel's voice, and witched him back with the eyes and the hair and the lips of Eleanor Wyndwood!

But the train was going at last, and he must take his seat. It was his second defeat, his second farewell to Art, bitterer, crueler, by a thousandfold than the first, when he had sailed home again, broken in soul and body. Then, at least, home was a tender recollection. Now—! And he had been so near the goal of happiness, the cup had been at his very lips. Never to be happy—never, never! The sudden shriek of the engine sounded sardonic. The train moved on, bearing Matthew Strang from all the sweetness and savor of life. In the great ocean of existence wherein men struggle for happiness he had gone down—like his father.

But, like his father, he had gone down wrapped in his flag.

The stage of the world is not adapted for heroic attitudes, unless the curtain be dropped on the instant.

To pass, after a tedious day-long journey, from the vivid boulevards to the gray dreariness of a poor London suburb on a Sunday evening was already a chill to the artistic mind; to find that the wife into whose arms he had come to fall in dramatic contrition was not only out, but gone to church with Aunt Clara and little Clara, was to be further reminded of the essentially inartistic character of life in general, and of its especial narrowness in church-going districts.

But he stooped down to kiss little Davie, who, by reason of the servant's "Sunday out," had opened the door and explained these things to him. He saw that the child had a little wooden manikin in his hand, and was sucking it.

"Don't suck that, Davie," he said.

"There ain't no paint to spoil," Davie urged, gravely. "It's all gone."

Matthew carried both the little men down stairs on his shoulder. In the kitchen he found Billy moping by the fire—profiting by the absence of the servant to enjoy the only fire Rosina's economy permitted at this season of the year—but sunk so deep in a black reverie that he did not raise his head at the unwonted footsteps.

A wave of protective love, almost paternal, flooded Matthew's soul; he laid his hand on poor Billy's head as in benediction. Nevermore would they be parted, nevermore.

"Billy," he said, softly.

The young man started violently, and looked up.

"I've come back, Billy," he said, tenderly.

"So I see," replied Billy, ungraciously.

He was stung to the quick, but he controlled his pain; he knew this was part of his atonement.

"I have come to make it up with Rosina. I'm not going away again," he went on gently, his hand on Billy's shoulder.

"And what's the use of that?" Billy snapped. "Even if she makes it up with you, she'll break out again in a few days. I know her."

He set down the child with a sigh, and drew a chair to his brother's side. Davie climbed trustfully on his knee. The kettle was singing, and a plump gray cat purred in the fender.

"Besides," Billy went on, "you've always said you couldn't live here—it was necessary to live at your studio."

"I know; but I am giving up the studio."

Billy turned whiter than usual.

"What's happened?" he cried, in alarm.

"Nothing in particular."

"Then I suppose you're going to turn me out of my work-room?"

"No, no, Billy. I am giving up painting altogether."

Billy's eyes dilated in horror, as on the night when his mother had dragged him out of bed to trudge the frozen fields.

"Are you mad?" he gasped.

Something of his awe sent a shiver through his brother.

"Perhaps I am," said Matthew.

He fell silent.

Billy regarded him furtively. The minutes dragged on. Matthew looked at his watch—getting on for seven. Eleanor Wyndwood would have been dressing for him—he saw her matchless loveliness. Another few minutes, and his kisses would have been on her lips—those lips that had lain on his in what was already an enchanted, hazy dream rather than a waking memory.

"Perhaps I *am* mad," he muttered again, as he sat waiting for Rosina instead. And then he caught sight of the little figure Davie was sucking, and began to laugh boisterously.

Billy was terrified.

"You can have the studio back if you like," he said, soothingly; the cripple's tones became protective in their turn. "I can write anywhere—and, after all, what's the use of my writing?—nobody will take what I write."

"I can write kisses," interposed Davie, looking up proudly.

"What does he mean, Billy?" said Matthew.

"Oh, he used to put crosses at the end of the letter when Rosina wrote to poor old Coble—kisses to his grandfather, you know."

"He's a angel now," said Davie, gravely.

"What's that you're sucking?" Billy responded, sternly. "You know you mustn't."

He took it away, and Davie set up a howl till pacified by a penny.

"It's an image of a preacher, Matt," Billy explained. "I forget his name. He died last year—Rosina used to go and hear him. She said he gave her great comfort. These images are sold in thousands. What a ludicrous thing popular religion is!"

Matthew laughed, but there was a tear for Rosina in the laughter.

"By-the-way," he said, suddenly, "did old Coble leave her any money?"

"Yes—but a few thousand dollars was all there was when his estate was wound up. He couldn't have expected to crack up, for he made no provision whatever for Aunt Clara."

"Then Rosina is keeping her?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"How does she reconcile that with her economy?" he thought, with an added throb of tenderness. The kettle sang on; the cat purred; he had a flash of hope—he might grow to love her yet. But he thought of Eleanor Wyndwood, and the hope died. They would have been on their way now to their restaurant—sitting close together, driving through the flashing streets. Oh, was he not mad to be here?

"What are you doing all alone?" he thought. "My love, my first love and my last, you who believed in me, who were ready to sacrifice yourself to me!"

"Did you go to see Ruth Hailey?" asked Billy, suddenly.

Eleanor's face vanished. He put his hand to his breast-pocket, and drew out the portrait with the sweet shy eyes.

"Yes," he said, tremulously, "and she gave me this."

Billy took the photograph and kissed it.

"God bless you!" he said.

Davie pricked up his ears.

"You're not in love with her?" Matthew asked, lightly, with a sudden apprehension.

"I?—I know better than to be in love with any woman," said Billy, sadly, as he returned the portrait. "Only in my stories can I love and be loved."

"It was she who sent us that mysterious money," said Matthew, and told him the story. Billy listened in surprise and emotion.

"God bless you, Ruth!" he said again.

"What is that God in 'God bless you'?" interrupted Davie.

The brothers looked at each other, embarrassed.

"Ask mummy; she'll tell you," said Matthew, at last.

"Mummy did tell me, but I can't 'derstand." He sat there wondering. "When does God sleep?"

The sudden blare and boom of a Salvationist procession saved reply. The blatant clangor passed, died. They waited for Rosina.

Presently they heard the returning church party descending into the area, so as not to soil the white upper steps. He had kissed her before she was aware of his presence, as she stepped across the kitchen threshold, red-edged prayer-book in hand. After that her sullenness was only half-hearted. He said he had come to supper. By the time they had sat down to it a reconciliation had been patched up. Warned by Billy's reception of his determination, he did not even break it to her yet. Thus tamely passed off the great renunciation scene—the crisis of his life—like everything else in his life, unlike what he had imagined beforehand. Rosina did not even understand what his home-coming meant to him. He pleaded that Davie, who did not want to go to sleep, should be allowed to stay up to supper, but this request was not granted.

"Mummy, when does God go to sleep?" the persistent Davie remembered to ask, as she was leading him from the room.

"God never sleeps," replied Rosina, sternly, and haled him to bed.

Matthew pondered the immense saying, so glibly spoken, as he waited for her to return. "Aunt Clara," pouch-eyed and wan, her head nodding queerly with excitement at the great man's presence, was laying the supper in the warm kitchen, where the servant would not resume possession till ten; little Clara was at her task of Bible reading.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1950.

Billy drowsed on his chair, exhausted. The fire glowed red; the cat was still stretched in the warmth. Something in the scene thrilled him with a sense of restful kinship with it, half sweet, half sad; a sense of being more really at home than in delicate drawing-rooms; the old homely kitchen far away on the borders of the forest sent out subtle links, binding his childhood to the manhood that had come at last.

This half-and-half-ness was typical of the new life which began that night, and which on the morrow was sealed and consecrated by the message from Eleanor: "You are right. We have chosen the highest." It was a life full of petty pricks and every-day worries. But if it was not so grandiosely heroic as he had intended, neither was the consequence to his art as he had foreseen.

He has not given up art. Neither Rosina nor Billy would permit that folly, and Eleanor's brief letter had a postscript of inspiring protest. He had meant to sacrifice art and happiness, but only the latter sacrifice was accepted. For unhappiness drove him back to his studio—where the "Angelus" hung now like an inspiration. From the glooms and trials of the daily routine in this prosaic home, with its faithful but narrow-souled mistress, who knew not what was passing in her husband's mind, nor at what cost he had made her happy, and who would not even agree to live in some beautiful country spot which would have softened life for him—from this depressing household, with its unsprightly children, its cheerless pensioner, its querulous cripple resenting the very hand that fed him, he escaped to the little whitewashed studio, to find in his art oblivion of the burden of life.

And now, at last, his true life work was begun. Removed from the sapping cynicism of the club conscience, from the drought of the drawing-room disbelief, from the miasma of fashionable conversation, from the confusing cackle of critics; saved from the intrigue with Mrs. Wyndwood, that would have distracted his soul and imposed an extra need for money-making; withdrawn from the feverish rush of fashion and the enervating consumption of superfluous food and drink; exempted from keeping up a luxurious position purchased by scamped, soulless pictures; able to work without the whims of sisters or patrons, without regard to prices—for Rosina's income, augmented by her very considerable hoardings and by his balance, supplemented by the proceeds of the sale of his studio effects and ancient pictures, the whole doubled by Rosina's economic administration, was amply sufficient for every rational need—Matthew Strang began at last, without underthought of anything but art, in this homely environment to which his soul was native, to express his own inmost individuality, to produce faithfully and finely the work it was in him to do.

Solitary, silent, sorrowful, strong; not chattering about his ideas and his aims, indifferent to fame or the voice of posterity, striving for self-approbation and rarely obtaining it, touching and retouching, breaking the rules of the school in obedience to his own genius, he toiled on in his humble studio, seeking the highest, with no man and no woman to inspire, encourage, or praise. He had been saved from love and happiness, and sent back into sympathy with all that works and suffers. And thus a new note came into his work—the note of soul. To his accurate science and his genius for the decorative, which are two of the factors of great art, was now added the spiritual poetry which is the last and rarest. For he was master of his soul at last.

He had absorbed life sufficiently—he had toiled and hungered; he had feasted and made merry; he had sorrowed and endured; he had sinned and suffered; he had known the lust of life and the pride of the eye; he had known Love—the love of the soul and the love of the senses; he had known the heartache of baffled ambition and the dust and ashes of achievement. What he had wanted he had not got; by the time he had got it he had not wanted it; whatever he had set out to do he had not done, and whatever he had done he had not foreseen. And out of all this travail of the soul was born his Art—strong, austere, simple.

In the five or six years since he died to the world he has finished four big pictures, and has made studies for others, besides some minor sketches. He has not exhibited any of the four pictures in London; three have been presented quietly to provincial galleries where the people come. Only one, with some of the sketches, has been sold for money, and this but to appease Rosina; it was the last sacrifice of his individuality to hers. It is true there are expenses for models, and he has now two more children, but it jars upon him to ask money for work that expresses and conceals the tragic secrets of his inmost being. Still, he has learned enough to know that life cannot be lived ideally. And, moreover, the event has taught him again the contrariety of life; for his eccentricity, leaking out slowly, has enhanced the fame to which he is indifferent, and has raised his market value to such a point that he need only sell an occasional picture. One dealer in particular is anxious to give him his own price for a picture. Matthew Strang will probably part with one to him some day, but he does not know that the dealer is acting for Lady Thornton, the wealthy and celebrated society leader, and "'Vert," though he knows and is glad that Eleanor Wyndwood found both happiness and spiritual peace when, a few months after her friend Olive Regan's marriage, she was led to the altar by Sir Gilbert Thornton, and went over with him to Roman Catholicism. He was not asked to the wedding; and the invitation to Olive's, reaching him in the days when the first darkness of isolation was upon him, he had left unanswered.

And just as he has given his Art freely to the world, so, under the inspiration of Tarmigan's memory, he gives his services freely at Grainger's and other humble art-schools as encourager of every talent that aspires under discouragement; teaching it to be itself and nothing else, for the artist gives to the world and is not asked for, creating the taste he satisfies, and Art is not Truth nor Beauty, but a revelation of beautiful Truth through the individual vision.

The Beauty which Matthew Strang's Art reveals is mainly tragic.

For others the gay, the flippant, the bright—let those from whose temperament these things flow interpret the joyousness and buoyancy and airy grace of existence. For others the empty experimentation in line and color. It is all Art—in the house of Art are many mansions. But, simple and unassuming as he has always been, he is yet sometimes shaken by righteous indignation when he sees tawdry Art enthroned and fêted at the banquet of life; and sometimes an unguarded word flashes out before his pupils, but he always repents of his railings, feeling it is his to work, not to judge; to do the one simple thing that his hand findeth to do.

One of his pictures is of a woman looking out to sea with hopeless eyes; there is a mocking glory of sunset in the sky. This is called "The Pain of the World." The title was due to Olive's exclamation that night in Devonshire. The figure is his mother—the image of her standing thus in the asylum at Halifax could not be effaced from his soul; it had to find expression in his art.

As he worked at it, with the brutal aloofness of the artist, studying lights and shadows, values and effects, gradations and tones, he wondered whether the artist were a cold-blooded monster, or a divinely appointed alchemist sent to transmute the dross of the world's pain to the gold of art for the world's pleasure; a magician to cover up the rawness of life, as kindly Nature covers up the naked earth with grass, or throws the purple light of dream over all that is dead—over the centuries that are past or our youth that is gone; a Redeemer, whose beautiful preception of pathos and tragedy robs the grave of its victory, and plucks Death of its sting, so that no man suffereth or travaileth without contributing to the raw stuff of life of which art is woven, by the souls dowered with the pangs and privileges of Over-Consciousness. Each man, it sometimes seemed to him, dimly, had to pay so much in sorrow and pain; and in return for that he drew from the common human fund the comprehension of life and the consolation of art, new sympathies and new delights, music and books and pictures, that only lived through the rich variety of human destinies; mystic atmospheres and minor scales, meaningless to souls that had not suffered or inherited the capacity to suffer. Some—generally the stupid—paid little in pain and sorrow; and some—as in his own case—much. But so long as the account showed a balance to the general good, it was not for the soul that was sacrificed to complain. It was, perhaps, even a privilege to subserve the common good. To have suffered, as he himself had done, by the institution of marriage, both as child and husband; to have been a victim to the general laws which safeguard human society; to have been cut in two by the flaming swords of the cherubim, which turn every way to keep the way of the Tree of Life; all this did not, he thought, give him the right to blaspheme existence. And the artist at least extracted a soul of good from all things evil.

Some such reflections—not clear, but all confused and blurred, for he was no philosopher—came to him again when he was working at his famous picture "The Persecutors," inspired by an episode in Billy's life, though Billy does not know. It is simply children tormenting an old man. The old man is one of the world's wrecks; the children know not what they do. But the pathos of the picture is overwhelming; it purifies by pity and terror. This is the profit to the world of Billy's life.

Matthew Strang knows, with the same secret assurance that sent him out to fight, and strengthened him in the long struggle, that this picture will live. But at moments when Billy is moping or in pain, or when the artist foresees the gabble of magazines and drawing-rooms about his work, the chatter of fashionable parrots, and the analysis of his "second manner" by glib, comfortable critics, he wonders whether the picture is worth the price.

But, stronger than those driven by their Over-Consciousness to express in artistic shapes the futility of life, he does not dwell eternally on the tears of things; and his picture simply entitled "A Woman" is perhaps his masterpiece. For when he painted it that sunrise in Paris was still vivid to him, and the light in Ruth Hailey's eyes, and that fire of love in Eleanor Wyndwood's; these things were in the eternal order, too, as truly as the ugliness and the sordid realities. The simplest human life was packed with marvels of sensation and emotion, haloed with dreams and divine illusions. To have been a child, to have sung and danced, to have eaten and played, to have seen woods and waters, to have grown to youth and to manhood, to have dreamt and aspired, to have labored and hoped—all this happiness had been his while he was looking for happiness, just as art had been his in Nova Scotia, while he had been struggling to get to it in England.

And so to-day he yearns to paint the poetry of the real—not with the false romantic glamour which had witched his youth, though even his youth had had a hankering after the real, just as his maturity retains a love for the mystic. He longs, so far as a painter can, to take up the mission of the modern artist, to paint the beauty that lies unseen of grosser eyes—to enrich and hallow life by revealing some inner loveliness beneath its oft sordid outsides, some sweep of a great principle that purifies and atones; he fancies the function of Art should be to show the whole in every part.

He has painted the portrait of "Aunt Clara"—with Davie on her knee—putting all his soul and all his art into the revelation of the beautiful imprisoned maternal instinct which he detected one day in her eyes as she fondled his little Davie. Her head nodded so with excitement she made a difficult sitter. But the brush-work is marvellous, and people talk of Velasquez.

With the aristocratic in art or life he has no sympathy; to him to be honest and faithful is to belong to the only aristocracy of the world—and the smallest. Sometimes he dreams of some great Common Art—for all men like the sky and the air, which should somehow soften and ennoble life for all. And dreaming thus, he somewhat frets against the limitations of his art and of its influence, wishing rather he had been a great poet or a great musician.

But repining is useless; there is only one thing he can do, and he must do it—a small thing in the span of the cosmos and the sweep of the ages—but to be done ere he goes down to the kindred dust. But before death comes he has doubtless other things to suffer—all these spiritual agonies have seared the body in which early privations and sickness had already left the seeds of premature infirmity. His children are growing up, too, bringing new fears and problems.

And yet his life is not all unhappy—work is his anodyne, and there is an inner peace in the daily pain, because it is the pain that his soul has chosen, in willing slavery to its own yoke.

But life is too long for ideals; the unending procession of the days depresses the finest enthusiasm. Sometimes when the domestic horizon is dark, or when his body is racked with pain, he rebels against the *rôle* thrust upon him in the world's workshop, against the fate that mocked at his free-will, and made of him a voluntary instrument for the happiness of Rosina and Herbert, turning his every action to undreamed-of issues; and then he longs for the life that had been his second nature, the life of gay talk, and rustling dresses, and wine, and woman, and song. And in such moments as these—when the natural human instinct for happiness, yearning sunward, breaks through all the strata of laborious philosophy and experience—he remembers that men call him "The Master," and then he seems to hear the sardonic laughter of Mad Peggy, as he asks himself what Master he has followed in his sacrifice, or what Master, working imperturbably, moulds human life at his ironic, inscrutable will.

THE END.

MAJOR-GENERAL McCOOK.

THE retirement of Major-General Howard created a vacancy in the highest army grade, to fill which caused promotions all down the line to the second lieutenants. The most conspicuous of these promotions was that of Brigadier-General Alexander McDowell McCook to the grade vacated by General Howard. Counting the time that General McCook spent at West Point, he has served in the army forty-six years. He will reach the age of sixty-four next April, and in his turn will have to retire for some man a little younger. General McCook is a member of a well-known Ohio family of Virginia and Pennsylvania antecedents. He is the eldest of the ten brothers who held commissions in the Union army during the war, and won fame as the "Fighting McCooks of Ohio."

General McCook, when he was graduated from West Point in 1852, was assigned to the Third Infantry, and served with it on the Western frontier till the war began, when he took command of the First Ohio Volunteers. With this new regiment he was at the first battle of Bull Run, and in the general rout he managed to keep his men in hand so that they behaved like regulars and veterans. For this service he was brevetted, and later in the year was made a Brigadier-General of Volunteers. He served gallantly and continuously through the war, becoming a Major-General of Volunteers and a Brevet Major-General in the regular army. The commission of Brigadier-General which he now vacates is dated July 11, 1890.

The most recent service of General McCook was in suppressing the riots in his department last summer. His headquarters were at Denver, where he had to deal with that strangely erratic Governor Waite of bloodthirsty threats. When General McCook was ordered to suppress the riots he went about the matter in such a businesslike way that the rioters were beaten before they had any idea that the United States troops had been called into action. General McCook's movements had been both quick and secret, and the rioters realized at once that any resistance would be madness, even of a kind for which they were not prepared. General McCook also had an interview with Governor Waite, and that incendiary person for a little while afterwards had an interval of sanity.

As a man General McCook is most popular, and no promotion that could have been made would have excited a more widespread approval. In his manner he has something of the hale heartiness of the old-school soldier, and with it a kindliness that is most winning. About him there is not a shadow of affectation; in his official life there has never been a suspicion of pomposity. Indeed, General McCook, both in his private and public life, is a splendid example of West Point and army training—a product of the combination of intelligent life-long study and continuous discipline.

Several months ago General McCook paid a visit to Santa Fe with some railway officials. On arriving at Santa Fe his first inquiry was for one Lucian Stewart. He was told that Stewart was in the hospital, awaiting death from old age.

"Then he may die to-night, and I will see him first," the general quietly remarked. And then, with his aide, he went directly to the hospital, and was quickly by the cot of the old man.

"Stewart, don't you know me?" he inquired in a tender way, at the same time extending his hand.

Stewart did not reply for fully one minute, all the time holding the general's hand and scanning his features. At last a ray of light broke over his countenance, and with a smile he said: "Yes, I remember you. You are the young lieutenant who never smoked before breakfast."

Here the two broke into a laugh, the heartiest laugh perhaps the old invalid had enjoyed for a decade. Stewart had been the chief of scouts when, forty years ago, McCook was fighting Apaches on the frontier. The general had not seen him since that war, but showed his deep regard for his old friends by remembering so humble a comrade. The remark of the old scout referred to a time when McCook, then a lieutenant, and a detail under Colonel St. Vrain were chasing the Apaches. They had struck a hot trail, and had been on it thirty-six hours without food. Fearing to wait to prepare a meal, for every minute was then precious, so close was the trail, Colonel St. Vrain determined to keep on the march. Realizing the condition of his men and officers, he had given permission for the men to partake of such rations as they could in the saddle, and turning to his lieutenant, he remarked,

"McCook, have a cigar?"

"No, thank you, sir," was the quick response. "I never smoke before breakfast."

General McCook has been in command of the Department of the Colorado for twelve months past. The new orders do not change his station.

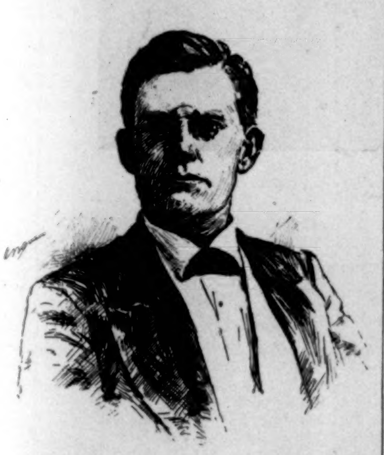
LAUNCHING THE "ST. LOUIS."

ABOUT two years ago the Congress of the United States passed an act naturalizing the two great steamships *Paris* and *New York* on condition that the American owners of these two Clyde-built boats should have built in America two other boats equal in tonnage and speed to those to which American registers were given. The owners, the International Navigation Company, complied with this law at once by entering into a contract with the Cramp Ship-building Company of Philadelphia for two great boats, each of 11,000 tons, which is a thousand tons greater than that of the *Paris* and *New York*. Fifteen months ago the keels for these boats were laid, and later it was decided that they should be called the *St. Louis* and the *St. Paul*. On the 12th of this month the *St. Louis* was successfully launched with impressive ceremonies and in the presence of an immense and distinguished company. The President of the United States and Mrs. Cleveland journeyed from Washington to Philadelphia to take part in the ceremonies, and with them went several members of the cabinet and many other distinguished men.

There have been many other notable launchings from the Cramp yards, but this was considered by all to be the most important and interesting that has taken place there. The *St. Louis*, with two exceptions, is the largest ship now afloat, and there appears to be no doubt that her superiority in some other regards will make her the most wonderful boat ever designed. Ten years ago it would have been impossible to build a steamship of this class or anything approaching it in America, but the stimulation to American ship-building given by the national government in the construction of cruisers and men-of-war for the new navy has had the effect of creating plants capable of doing all the work that is necessary in making in the United States as good ships as can be made anywhere in the world. Mr. Cramp, the head of the great ship-building company, took pains in acknowledging that this stimulation to a most important industry was due to Mr. Cleveland's enlightened enterprise, during his first administration, in planning an efficient navy, and beginning the construction of the new ships. This acknowledgment was evidently most gratifying to the President, who in his reply said that he was in favor of very liberal navigation laws, so that all boats owned by Americans, no matter where they were built, could fly the American flag and have the protection that flag gives to American property. This sentiment was heartily cheered, and evidently met with the approval of all who heard it.

To Mrs. Cleveland was assigned the distinguished honor of christening the new ship.

When the *St. Louis* is ready to go to sea, and her sister, the *St. Paul*, has been finished, the American flag will fly over the two finest passenger ships engaged in the transatlantic trade. These are some of the dimensions of the boats: Length over all, 554 feet; length between perpendiculars, 535 feet; and extreme breadth, 63 feet. The displacement at 26 feet draught will be 16,000 tons. The motive power will consist of quadruple expansion engines with a horsepower of 20,000. The contract requires that these boats shall have a speed in an ordinary sea of not less than twenty knots an hour.



CONGRESSMAN-ELECT NOONAN.

Judge George H. Noonan, of San Antonio, Texas, who has just been elected to Congress from the Twelfth Congressional District of Texas, is the first Republican Representative elected to Congress from the Lone Star State since the days of reconstruction. Judge Noonan made the race for Congress as a straight Republican on a protection platform. He was elected over his opponent, Hon. A. W. Houston, Democrat, by 1500 plurality, overcoming a plurality of 6600 that was given Hon. Thomas Paschal, Democrat, two years ago. Judge Noonan is a notable man in many respects. He was born in the town of Caldwell, New Jersey, in the year 1828, and came to Texas in 1851, and settled at Castroville, a town west of San Antonio. He was a Unionist during the war, and had many exciting experiences with his Confederate neighbors. He has served continuously for thirty years as District Judge, and is regarded as a very able jurist. He is a brother of ex-Mayor Noonan, of St. Louis.

W. D. Hornaday.

ON HELL-FER-SARTAIN CREEK.

Thar was a dancin' party Christmas night on "Hell fer Sartain." Jes tu'n up the fust crick beyond the bend, 'n' climb on a stump, 'n' holler about once, 'n' you'll see how the name come. Stranger, hit's *hell* fer sartain! Well, Rich Harp was thar from the headwaters, 'n' Harve Hall toted Nance Osborn thar from across the Cumberlan'. Fust one ud swing Nance, 'n' then t'other. Then they'd take a pull out'n the same bottle o' moonshine, 'n'—fust one 'n' then t'other—they'd swing her agin. 'N' Abe Shivers a-settin' thar by the fire a-bitin' his thumbs!

Well, things was sorter whoopin', when somebody ups 'n' tells Harve thet Rich had said sump'n' agin Nance 'n' him, 'n' somebody ups 'n' tells Rich thet Harve had said sump'n' agin Nance 'n' *him*. In a minit, stranger, hit was like two wild-cats in thar. Folks got 'em parted, though, but thar was no more a-swingin' uv Nance thet night. Harve toted her back over the river, 'n' Rich's kinsfolks tuk him up "Hell fer Sartain"; 'n' Rich got loose, 'n' lit out lickety-split fer Nance Osborn's. He knowed Harve lived too fer over Black Mountain to go home thet night, 'n' he rid right across the river 'n' up to Nance's house, 'n' hollered fer Harve. Harve poked his head out'n the loft—he knowed whut was wanted—'n' Harve says, "Uh, come in hyar 'n' go to bed." 'N' Rich seed him gapin' like a chicken, 'n' in he walked, stumblin' mighty nigh agin the bed whar Nance was a-layin', listenin' 'n' not sayin' a word.

Stranger, them two fellers slept together plum frien'ly, 'n' they et together plum frien'ly next mornin', 'n' they sa'ntered down to the grocery plum frien'ly. 'N' Rich says, "Harve, let's hev a drink." 'N' Harve says, "All right." 'N' Rich says, "Harve, you go out'n thet door 'n' I'll go out'n this door." 'N' out they walked, steady, 'n' thar was two shoots shot, 'n' Rich 'n' Harve both drapped, 'n' in ten minits they was stretched out on Nance's bed 'n' Nance was a-gallopin' away fer the yarb doctor.

Nance nussed 'em both plum faithful. Rich didn't hev much to say, 'n' Harve didn't hev much to say. Nance was sorter quiet, 'n' Nance's mammy, ole Nance, jes grinned. Folks come in to ax atter 'em right peart. Abe Shivers come cl'ar 'cross the river—powerful frien'ly—'n' ever' time Nance ud walk out to the fence with him. One time she didn't come back, 'n' ole Nance fotched the boys thar dinner, 'n' ole Nance fotched thar supper, 'n' then Rich he axed whut was the matter with young Nance, 'n' ole Nance jes snorted. Atter a while Rich says, "Harve," says he, "who tol' you thet I said thet word agin you 'n' Nance?" "Abe Shivers," says Harve. "'N' who tol' you thet I said thet word agin *you* 'n' Nance?" "Abe Shivers," says Rich. 'N' both says, "Well, damn me!" 'N' Rich tu'ned right over 'n' begun pullin' straws out'n the bed. He got two out, 'n' he bit one off, 'n' he says: "We'll draw fer him. The shortes' gits him." 'N' they drawed. Well, nobody ever knowed which got the shortes' straw, stranger, but—

Thar'll be a dancin' party comin' Christmas night on "Hell fer Sartain." Thar won't be no Abe Shivers thar. He's a-settin' by a bigger fire (ef he ain't in it) a-bitin' his thumbs. Rich Harp 'll be thar from the head-waters. Harve Hall's a-goin' to tote the Widder Nance over the Cumberlan'. Fust one 'll swing Nance 'n' then t'other—jes the same. They'll be a-pullin' from the same bottle o' moonshine mebbe, 'n' then—fust one 'n' then t'other—they'll swing the widder agin.

John Fox, Jun.

A NEW CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola Plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send your name and address on postal card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.—[*Adv.*]

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—[*Adv.*]

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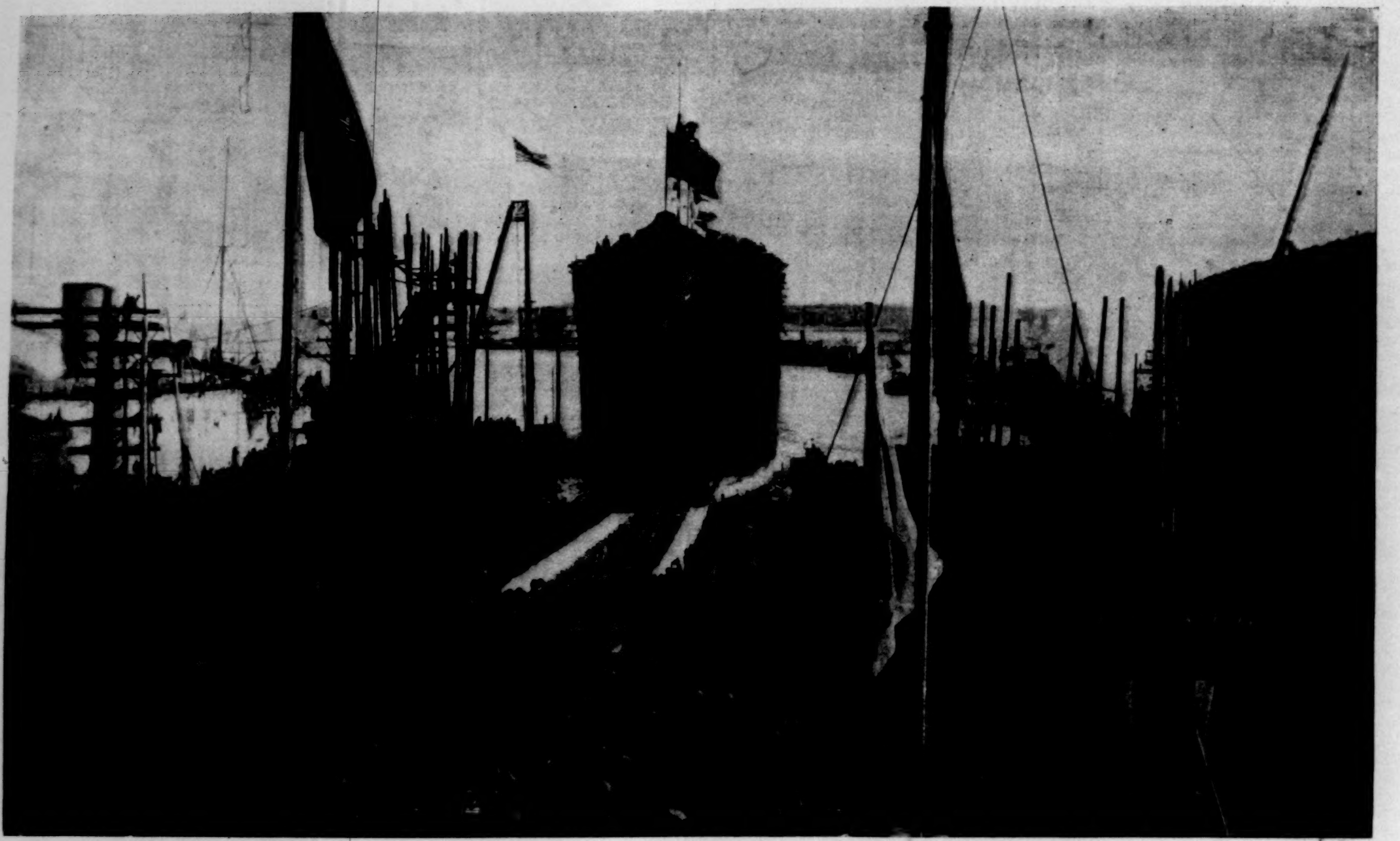
SORE EYES Dr ISAAC THOMPSONS EYE WATER



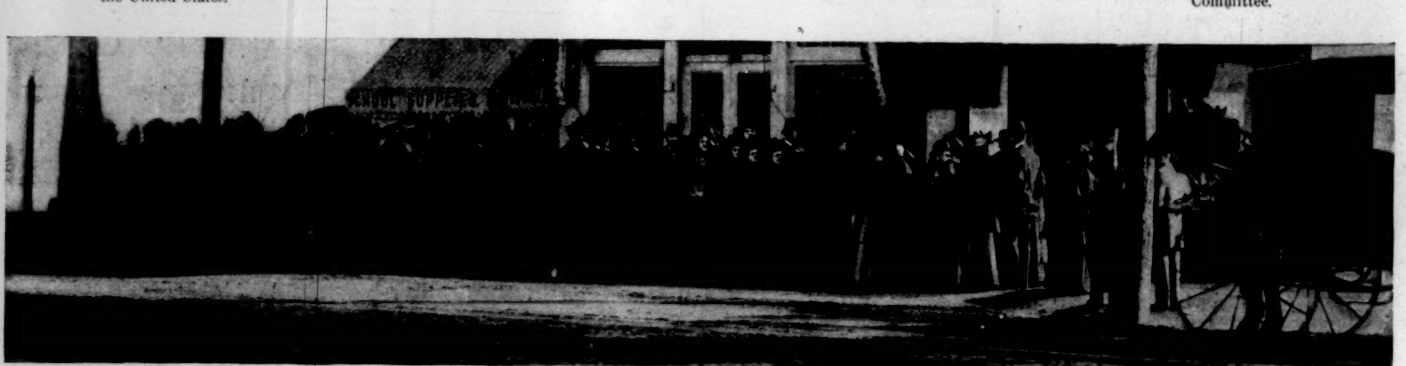
LAUNCH OF THE "ST. LOUIS" AT CRAMP'S SHIP-YARD IN PHILADELPHIA.
FROM A COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM H. RAU.—[SEE PAGE 1122.]

VOTING AT 7.15 A. M. AT BROADWAY AND THIRD AVENUE.

MRS. J. ELLEN FOSTER,
President Woman's Republican Association of the United States.

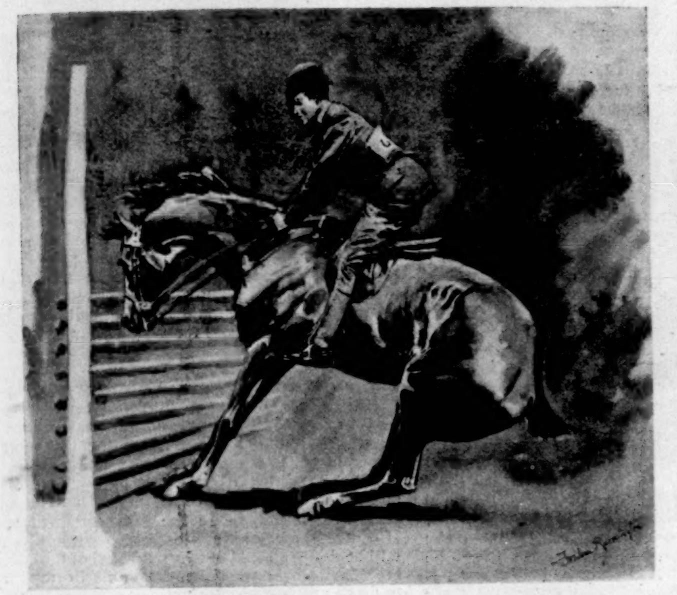
A PRECINCT HEADQUARTERS IN A RESIDENCE DISTRICT—TIME, 7.15 A. M.

MRS. FRANK HALL,
Chairman Woman's Republican State Committee.



AT 7.30 A. M. AT BROADWAY AND FOURTEENTH STREET.

WOMEN AT THE POLLS IN DENVER, COLORADO.—[SEE PAGE 1118.]



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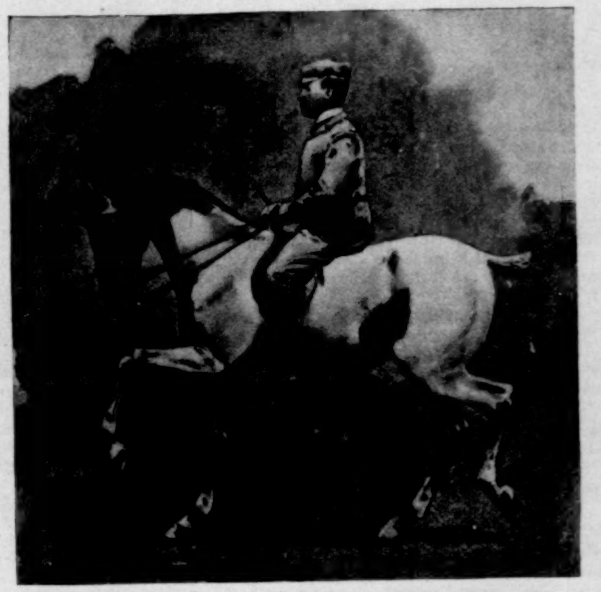
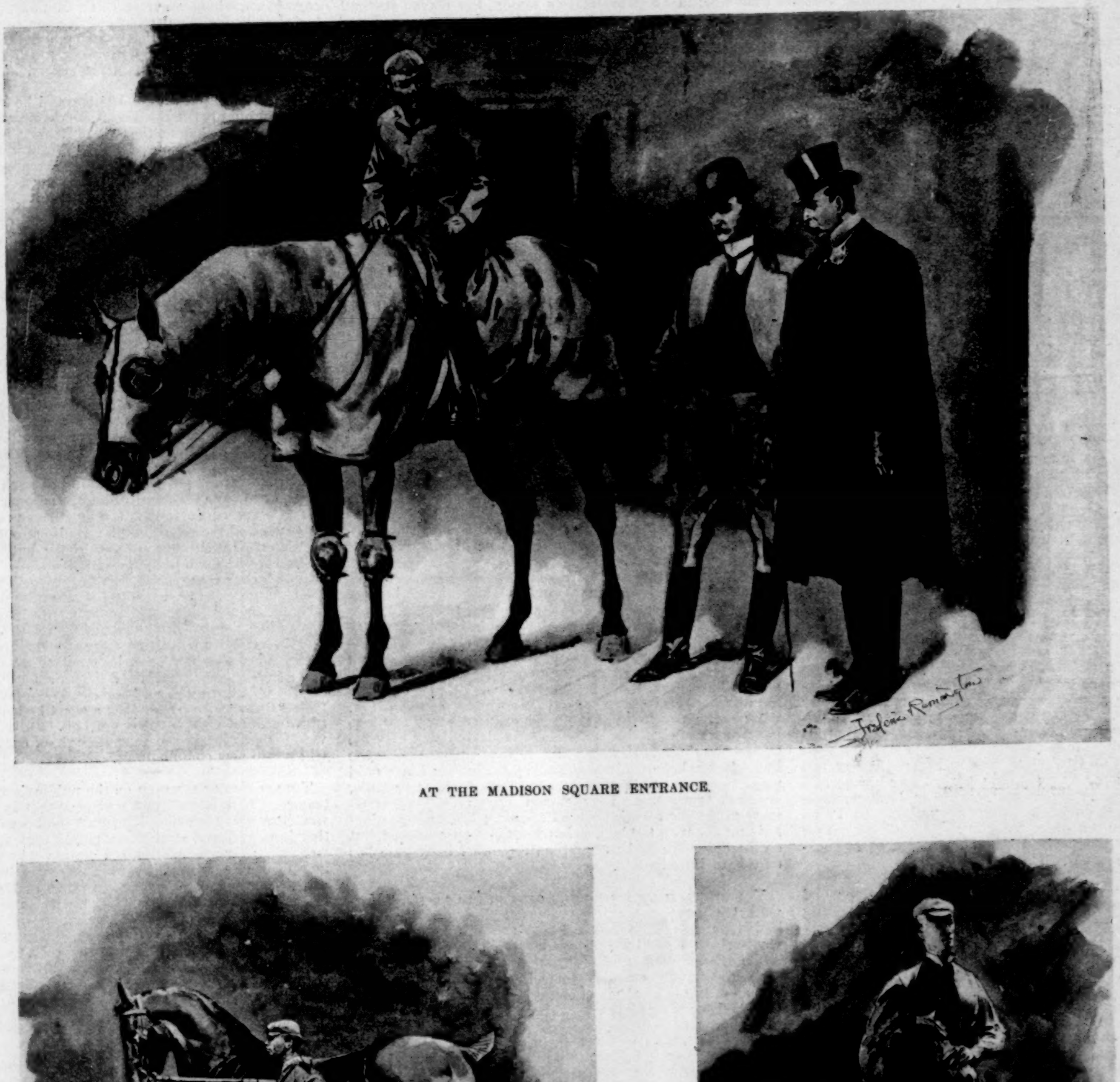
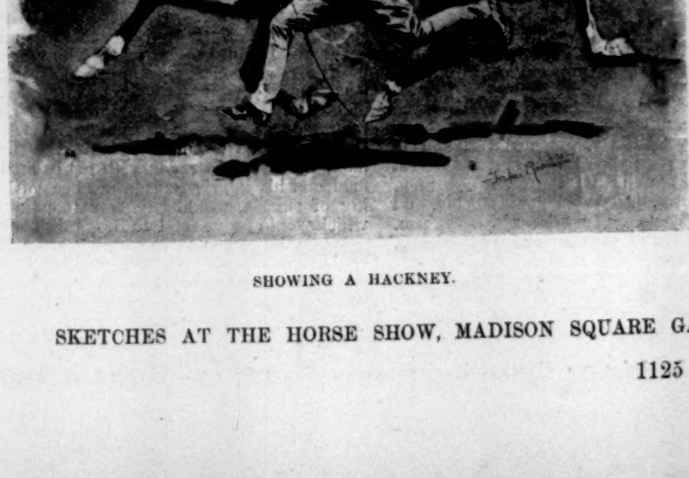


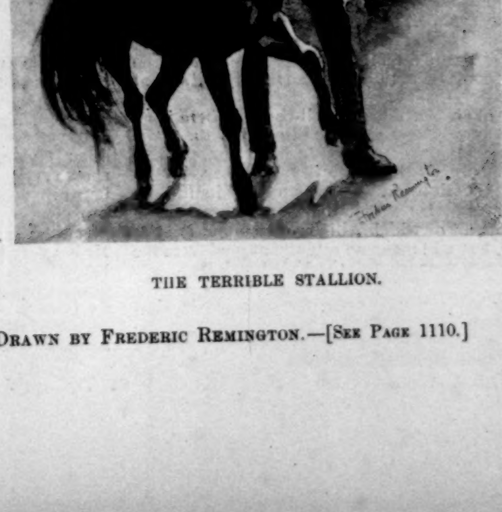
ONE OF THE PONIES.



AT THE MADISON SQUARE ENTRANCE.



SHOWING A HACKNEY.



THE TERRIBLE STALLION.

SKETCHES AT THE HORSE SHOW, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 1110.]

AMATEVR - SPORT

SURPRISES SEEM TO BE THE ORDER of the football season of 1894, and it is not impossible that the Harvard-Yale game at Springfield next Saturday may furnish another. This has been a curious season, and not in all respects an entirely satisfactory one. The football seasons as we formerly had them appear to have passed away with the old style of play. A few years ago, before the game had developed to such an ultra-scientific point, and withal become so very hard on the players, we saw Harvard and Yale and Princeton in several good games during the latter weeks of the season, where all the most likely 'varsity candidates were played, and where they showed at least a semblance of their best game. Nowadays we see neither the best men of the teams nor their best play until the final match.

No season has emphasized this evolution in college football so much as the one just closing. It is a remarkable fact that we have not seen Yale throughout this entire season play her full team, nor even play a really good game of football. The one appearance of the Harvard team intact was in the Cornell game at New York, in the first half of which the former may be said, for the only time in public, to have played up to its best form at that point of the season.

THE FOOTBALL SEASON REALLY IS NOT nearly so interesting as it used to be, and it is wellnigh impossible to tell from public performances how a team is going to play in its final game. The secret practice begins nowadays about a month before the culminating contest; and if the elevens do appear meanwhile they put in a lot of substitutes, as Harvard did last Wednesday against Brown, and make no pretence of playing only ordinary every-day football. Strategy in management as well as in play has become such a feature in present-day football that it has very nearly eliminated all interest for the spectator from the preliminary season. We can only know that every eleven is doing its utmost behind closed gates to spring some surprise on the other. In their public practice we catch here and there some features in which they seem to be particularly strong or particularly weak, and we must guess at the rest.

To prognosticate probable winners this year on public form is simply guess-work, and one man's guess comes pretty near being as good as another's. How uncertain a criterion is preliminary play no game has more thoroughly demonstrated than the Princeton-Pennsylvania. Two weeks before that game the Pennsylvania line, with a couple of substitutes, made a very poor showing, and was so weak as to be unable to hold opposing forwards of much inferior individual strength and skill. Yet two weeks of secret practice, and with the regular men replacing substitutes, brought the Pennsylvania line on the field as one of the strongest of the year.

THE HARVARD-YALE GAME IS LIKELY TO FURNISH equally surprising results. Man for man, the Yale team averages higher than Harvard in point of football skill, the preponderance being especially notable in the centre. Behind the line I am inclined to differ with the general opinion that Yale will so outclass Harvard at Springfield. Yale is unquestionably very much better at full-back. There is only one Butterworth, and though Brooke of Pennsylvania comes closest to him, I think we have never had a player, from an all-round point of view, in kicking, line-bucking, good judgment, and good fighting qualities, equal to the present Yale full-back.

But there is no such superiority in favor of Yale's half-backs. Thorne is a clever line-bucker, excellent in interference, a drop kicker, and one of the strongest half-backs of the year; but, notwithstanding, I should hesitate before placing him, for all-round qualifications, over Charlie Brewer, of Harvard. Brewer is, I think, just as reliable a ground-gainer, has no end of pluck, and is a certain catch. If De Witt plays, he should show up a little better than Writhington of Harvard, though there is not the difference generally believed. De Witt is a very wiry brilliant back, who keeps his head in running, and takes advantage of the smallest opening at any point of the line. He has done some very clever work this year in going through most unexpected places. Taking his speed and all things into consideration, he is stronger than Writhington. The latter has greatly improved over last year, and is a strong runner and a hard line-breaker. I should say he is a stronger man than either Jerrams, Armstrong, or Mills, the first of whom will probably be Yale's choice in case De Witt does not play. None of these Yale possibilities is so good as De Witt, and his absence will weaken Yale to some extent.

AT QUARTER BOTH TEAMS ARE WELL REPRESENTED, and by men of the same characteristics. Adee, who has recently reached good physical condition, and will undoubtedly play in the Harvard game, is by long odds the best quarter-back Yale has. In addition he has the experience of two big games last year, and is a steady level-headed youngster who will play his game to the very last. He is cool enough to use his best judgment, and plucky enough to put it into execution under the most trying conditions. He is a good tackler, and gets into the play.

Although Wrenn, never having been in any of the big games, is lacking in that experience, at the same time I do not look for any weakness in his play on that account. Harvard will not have the multiplicity of plays she had last year, with their formidable array of intricate signals, so that this want of experience will not be so telling. Wrenn will probably not get into so many plays as Adee—not all Harvard's interference includes him—but he will not get mixed on the signals. His strongest recommendation is his generalship. If he is permitted to run the game, and the signals are not recalled and changed by the captain, he will show up by long odds the best quarter-back Harvard has had since Dudley Dean.

Fairchild very likely will play at full-back. There is no comparison, of course, between him and Butterworth. Fairchild is put in at this position because he is a strong defensive player, a sure tackler, and plays his best in important games. Certainly he has shown very indifferent play in minor games. He will probably not be called on to do any punting, all of which will devolve upon Brewer and Writhington, but will make an attempt at goal from the field, if Harvard gets near enough the Yale touch-line.

THE SITUATION BEHIND THE LINE, therefore, finds Harvard very likely to lose ten or fifteen yards on every exchange of punts between Butterworth and Brewer, and the two about even in the running of the backs and on their catching. If we can count at all on public performance this season, Yale is stronger on kicking goals from the field. Both Thorne and Butterworth have been practising steadily throughout the season, and with good results. In fact, Yale is stronger in the kicking game, and as that will be a considerable feature of play on the 24th, it rather gives the odds in favor of her winning. I rather fancy Harvard will rely more for gains on the running than the kicking of her backs.

In the line Yale seems also to be stronger—a good bit so at centre, somewhat at one end and at one tackle, with honors a bit in Harvard's favor at the other two. It looks as if Harvard would have her greatest difficulty in keeping Yale from making steady gains through the centre. Stillman came back this season in better physical condition than ever, and has shown the steadiest game of the centre trio, for while Hickok and McCrea have been playing very indifferently, Stillman has kept steadily at work.

THE PUBLIC PERFORMANCE OF BOTH YALE GUARDS, it is undeniably true, has been very much below the standard they set last year. In fact, the Yale line has at no time played really good football—for Yale. Their game against Lehigh, despite the considerable score of 50–0 rolled up, was an exceedingly mediocre exhibition for a Yale veteran line. The only thing they did well in that game was their sharp lining-up, and that may be entirely attributed to Adee at quarter-back. In Yale's last public performance, with the Chicago Athletic Association, against whom she made 48–0, the play was better, and showed the line to be getting somewhat into form, but still much below what it was last year. It may be possible, of course, that they are purposely playing raggedly; it may be, also, that the Yale line has been unable to shake itself together this season, as was the Princeton line; but the fact does remain that the Yale line, in no game of this season, has played football good enough to win at Springfield next Saturday. From the time of that Chicago game, Yale has a full week's practice, and there is little question that she will be shaken into the usual fine play which the Yale line exhibits.

In this last week of practice the team has the coaching of Heffelfinger, Hartwell, Rhodes, and McCormick. With four such, who can limit the possibilities of the eleven? Still, despite this array of talent and the improvement to be expected in the eleven, it is a fact that Yale has throughout this year seemed less like a Yale team than any I ever saw come out of New Haven. They seem never to have been able to get together for a determined stand; to have lacked the harmony and fellowship that must exist where desperate team-play is called for. Whether this is another of the season's masquerades, or whether it is actually a fact that the team lacks that spirit to stand together as one united whole, the game against Harvard will tell; for I am positive that Harvard will call upon Yale for harder play than she has in the last three years, and if Yale cannot respond with the best team-work, the game must go to Harvard.

YALE IS PLAYING A QUICKER, SNAPPIER GAME—as we go to press—than at any time this year. Both Hickok and McCrea, as I thought they would, as each has the proper quality, are playing a better game than at any time this year—even better than it was last year.

The Yale tackles will be stronger than they were last year. Beard, who has received much unnecessary criticism, from an all-round point of view fills the position of tackle better than any other man on the football field, with the possible exception of Lea of Princeton. He weighs nearly two hundred pounds, and, notwithstanding, is fast and gets into about every play. Murphy, the other tackle, is aggressive and strong, but not so good in his position as is Beard. He is a very hard man to block, and is exceedingly good in picking out the man with the ball.

At this writing it looks as though Louis Hinkey, a brother of the captain, would be called upon to fill Greenway's place at right end. If this be the case, it will not make any very great difference in the strength of the Yale team, for the younger Hinkey has been playing a very strong game, and has his brother's characteristics of sure tackling and unfailingly following the ball. Still, Greenway is stronger in breaking up interference, is an entirely trustworthy man, and, if fit, will be chosen. It is not improbable if Greenway gets into physical condition that he and Louis Hinkey will play the ends, while Captain Hinkey takes De Witt's place behind the line. There is no doubt that Hinkey behind the line would make the team much stronger than with Jerrams or Mills, or even Armstrong. I say "even Armstrong," out of respect to his good work on the defensive; he is not particularly strong with the ball, as his work last year showed, but on the defensive he is better than any other back Yale has outside of Butterworth.

YALE WILL SHOW SOME VERY CLEVER PLAY against Harvard beyond peradventure. Her coaches have a deeper knowledge of modern football than those of any other university, and should therefore develop very smart plays. Aside from that fact, if tradition counts for anything, we shall undoubtedly see Yale very strong in the skill and accuracy of her general play and in the agility of the individual players. The eleven have been trained on a different plan this year from any before followed. The men have not worked nearly so hard as in years past. They have profited by past experience, and so soon as an actual 'varsity candidate became a little too fine he was laid off for a rest.

There is no doubt that Yale will put a stronger team against Harvard than she had last year. If Louis Hinkey and Jerrams play, they will be the only men on the eleven that did not face Harvard in '93. Besides another year's experience, every one of the men on the line is playing ahead of his last year's form.

THE HARVARD LINE SUFFERS IN COMPARISON by having green men at very important points, if one point on a rush line may be said to be more important than another. Mackie at guard, Waters at tackle, and Emmons at end will be the only veterans on the line, unless Manahan is played at the other tackle, as is not very likely, for he has failed to show very good form this year; the candidacy seems to rest between Wheeler and Hallowell. Of the three new men, probably F. Shaw, at centre, has shown the best play, and given the greatest encouragement of reaching 'varsity form. He is a very promising man, and, considering his experience, has developed remarkably well; but he would be rather an extraordinary player if he were able to hold his own against so good a veteran as Stillman. Norton Shaw, at right guard, has been all the season the weak point of the team, and it seems doubtful, even at this late day, if he will attain sufficient skill to keep him from continuing to be the weak point on the 24th. Waters, at tackle, is a very strong man—the strongest player on the Harvard line—and may be counted upon as certain to make good gains with the ball, and to give his opponent all that he can attend to, if not a little more. He is powerful physically, and exceedingly active. Arthur Brewer, at right end, has been showing a very fine game; he is a trustworthy player, and in the game against Chicago his was the end around which the Chicago interference did not work. His game has, in fact, been better than Emmons's. Captain Emmons has been considered Harvard's best end, and when at his top form is an exceedingly difficult one to get around, but has not shown his best play this season. He was laid off a long time by a sprained ankle, and even during his play has worn a ponderous steel brace (which will be removed on the 24th) that has handicapped his movements exceedingly. If Emmons keeps his head he should fill his position very acceptably; though he has shown form this year up to the younger Hinkey.

THE COMPARISON OF THE TWO LINES shows the preponderance of strength to be in Yale's favor, and in all likelihood at least one weak point on the Harvard line at right guard. It is true Waters will be on that side to help out Shaw, but it is equally true that Beard, who faces Waters, will not give the latter very much opportunity to help out anybody but himself; while on the other side of guard Shaw centre Shaw will be in the same predicament as Waters. If centre Shaw is able to hold his own against Stillman, he will be doing all that can be expected of him, and the chances are that the guard will not be able to improve sufficiently to do as much with McCrea.

Wrenn will do a great deal to block the hole, but it seems doubtful if he has weight enough to stop Yale from gaining at that point. This weakness was very evident in the Chicago game, where Stevenson and McCormick in the centre had very little difficulty in handling their opponents. The centre Shaw snapped the ball well, but could not hold his man, who broke through him—so much so, in fact, that Winslow was substituted in the second half, but fared no better.

Mackie is playing a good game, and he and Hickok will be so thoroughly occupied with one another that the chances are very good that neither will get very much into plays not in their immediate vicinity. Hallowell and Wheeler will neither of them be so strong as Murphy.

WITH A TEAM CONSIDERABLY INFERIOR in individual prowess to that of last year, I fully expect Harvard to play a much better game. I am of the opinion now, as at the beginning of the season, that the football outlook at Harvard is more encouraging than it ever has been. It makes no difference whether or not she wins the game on Saturday. The fact remains that she has finally settled down to a systematic plan of coaching, and has gathered about her in harmonious action the men best fitted to superintend the preparation of her elevens. The team has been better trained this year; there is an enthusiasm and confidence among the players entirely lacking heretofore.

Generally speaking, Harvard will be handicapped for a couple of years in football contests with Yale, for the reason that Yale is farther advanced in the science of modern play. It is not possible for Harvard to gather half a dozen coaches whose knowledge of the game equals the men Yale is able to rally for her team's preparation. It is for this reason Harvard is not likely to put out such strong scoring plays, or to have such skilful interference as Yale.

The Harvard defence is stronger this year than for the past two, and the offensive play is also strong when Brewer or Waters or Writhington has the ball; but the interference in the public exhibitions has been about of the character with which we are somewhat familiar. There seemed in the Chicago A.A. game to be too many interferers, particularly in the end plays, which made it rather confusing, and more often than not hindered the man with the ball. Then, too, the arrangement of the eleven to receive a kick-off, in their games this year, has been rather poor, every rusher being in his place in the line. With such a formation successful interference for a back seems impossible. Chicago fooled them twice by sending a short kick just beyond the rush-line, and once secured the ball. In this respect Harvard is much inferior to Yale, though, of course, Springfield will reveal new combinations.

THIS COMMENT IS BASED on the public showing of the two teams. There is no doubt whatever that in these last two weeks of secret practice both universities will perfect play that is ragged and strengthen points that are weak. Two weeks ago it was merely a question which required the more mending, with Harvard apparently being in greater need. There is one very strong point in Harvard's favor, however. The team in this last work has not, as last year, been devoting its time to mastering an endless number of signals for intricate plays, of which a very small percentage is to be used. It is a fact that last year, two weeks before the game, Harvard had not learned half those flying plays, nor committed their signals. So it was that in the last days of preparation, instead of perfecting plays that had been earlier learned, they were acquiring new and intricate tricks. It really is a wonder they made so good a showing as they did.

This year the situation is entirely different. By November 10th the Harvard team had learned every trick it is to play, and knew the signals; so that in the last two weeks this year the men can concentrate their efforts on acquiring team play and smoothing ragged edges. The Harvard eleven this year will be the best-drilled one ever sent out from Cambridge. It is for this reason I look for Harvard to play a very strong aggressive game; and though there is weakness in the line, it may be possible they can support it sufficiently to prevent its becoming disastrous.

From the point of view of individual prowess it does not look as though Harvard could win, but strong aggressive team-work is a powerful factor in modern play, and Yale must play a team game, and the best she has shown in the last three years, or lose the day. It is most important to Harvard that Wrenn be permitted to run the team. Emmons has rather a tendency to get excited on the football field, and his interference in the heat of battle, and changing of signals, would be likely to mix things generally, which would prove fatal to Harvard's chances.

While the game will be certainly close, it looks as if Yale could hardly be stopped from making a touch-down; for if one of her runners cannot put it across the line, it seems as if they could drive through Harvard's centre far enough down the field to give Butterworth a chance for a drop kick for goal.

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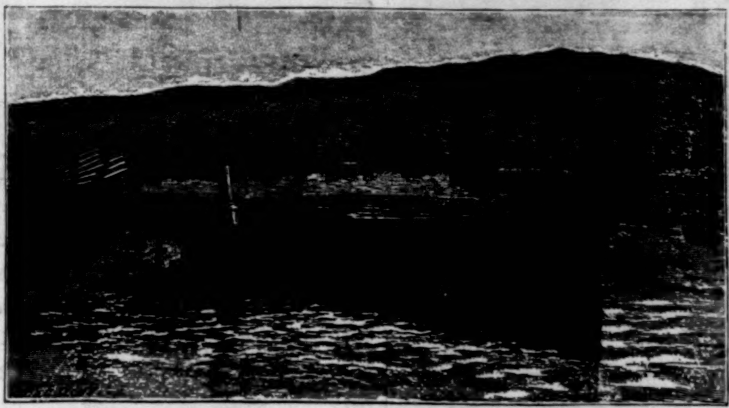

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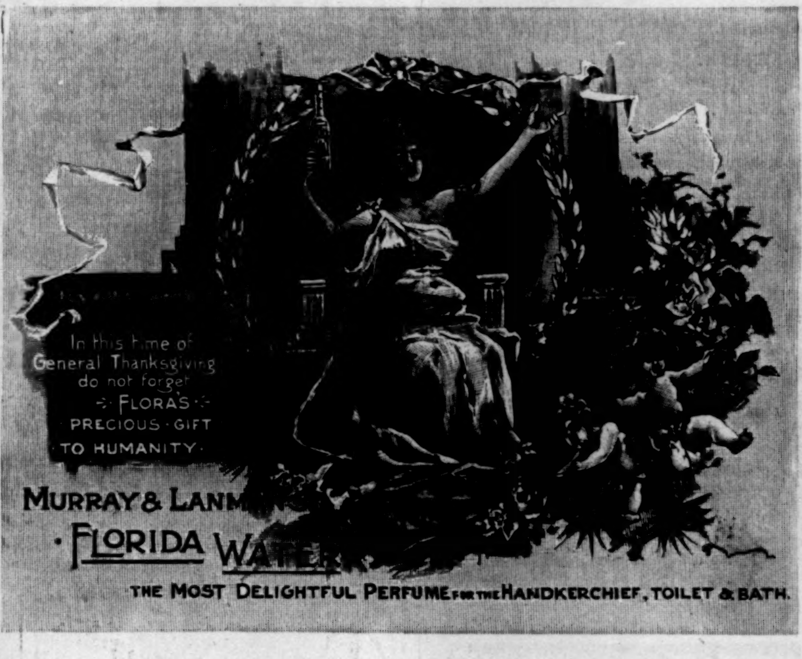

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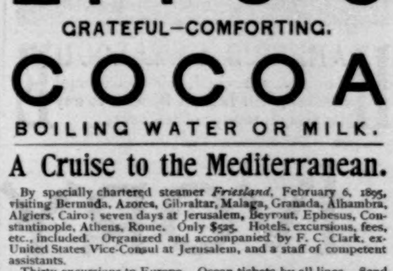

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